THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for November, 1932

Articles

STEEL AGAINST PEACE ..... *Georges Hoog* 198
GERMANY'S NEXT PHASE ..... *Hans Zehrer* 205
UNDELUDED ANDALUSIA ..... *José Ortega y Gasset* 211
ENGLISH FACT AND FICTION
I. ENGLAND, SYMBOL OF CAPITALISM ..... *Friedrich Sieburg* 219
II. ENGLAND'S POST-WAR NOVELISTS ..... *Paul Cohen-Portheim* 222
OUTSHINING MATA HARI ..... *H. Berndorf* 234
VIVA SANDINO ..... *Manuel Antonio Valle* 243
FROM MARX TO STALIN ..... *Gustav Mayer* 249
VOICES OF ARABIA ..... *Mohammed Asad* 254
SPIRITUALISM PUT TO PROOF ..... *Gerald Heard* 257

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 189
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
THE WORK OF PAUL CLAUDEL ..... *Henri Peyre* 225
VAIHINGER AT EIGHTY ..... *Dr. Milo Blach* 231
BOOKS ABROAD 263
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 272
AS OTHERS SEE US 276
WAR AND PEACE 282

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

LAST MONTH we reprinted part of a pamphlet issued by the Union of Democratic Control in London exposing the 'Secret International' of armament manufacturers from the British point of view. This month we have translated part of a similar booklet written in Paris by Georges Hoog for the Jeune République, another liberal group, entitled *L'Acier contre la Paix*. In giving such emphasis to the munitions racket we do not imply that munition makers are solely or even chiefly responsible for war. The point we are trying to drive home is that large military expenditures automatically create large vested interests which, in turn, strive to raise military expenditures still higher. It is a vicious circle and a point can finally be reached at which the munition industries become so powerful that they purchase newspapers and influence legislation.

HANS ZEHRER, formerly of the *Vossische Zeitung*, has been editor of *Die Tat* for the past two years and leader of the 'Jena group' of parlor Fascists. As the one intellectual organ of the Hitler movement, *Die Tat* expresses the real policies of the Nazis, whose leaders now seem to recognize that the kind of German revolution they want must come from on top. Zehrer analyzes the trend toward nationalism and socialism during the past fourteen years and urges all the nationalist forces to take advantage of the present parliamentary deadlock to execute a *coup d'état*. But this is precisely what the Von Papen Government did on July 20, when it ousted the Socialist officials in power. The next step therefore will be to rally the Nazi masses to the support of a régime that is now resting on the thinnest air.

THE NAME OF José Ortega y Gasset is already familiar to our readers and is now becoming more widely known in the United States because of his recently translated *Revolt of the Masses*, reviewed in our columns exactly a year ago. Its author believes that Andalusia is likely to dominate Spanish history during the next generation just as the northern provinces have dominated the country since the turn of the century, and he writes a beautiful description of the soul of its people.

AFTER 'strafing' England through four years of war, the Germans suddenly underwent a change of heart and now there is no foreign country they like better. The *Literarische Welt* of Berlin has published a special 'English Number' that included, among other items, essays by two Germans who know England at first hand. Friedrich Sieburg, former Paris correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and author of *Who Are These French?*, now represents the same newspaper in London. He argues that modern England symbolizes capitalism in decay just as nineteenth-century England symbolized triumphant capitalism. Paul Cohen-Portheim, Austro-German-Jewish painter who was interned in England during the War and has written several books in praise of the country, his latest being *The Discovery of Europe*, says that English fiction always becomes sociological when Continental fiction becomes personal, and vice versa. Just now an introspective English phase is coming to an end and a new nationalist phase is beginning.

'FRÄULEIN DOKTOR' was the name given to Anne Marie Lesser, the most daring woman spy in Germany during the War. Some of her exploits, which quite put Mata Hari in the shade, are recounted by the author of a recent book. It would be unfair to reveal any more of her history here. Read the article itself.

(*Continued on page 281*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

November, 1932 *Volume 343, Number 4394*

The World Over

NO BRITISH MINISTER since Lloyd George has been subjected to such universal condemnation in all sections of the press as Sir John Simon, the present foreign secretary. The *Week-end Review*, an independent Conservative organ, has been hammering at him ever since he assumed office, and now the more orthodox *Spectator* has attacked the statement issued by the Foreign Office disapproving the German demand for armament equality:—

> This is sophistry, not statesmanship. It is the application of the methods of the schoolmen to the most urgent and realistic problem of the day. Whether it represents the mind of the Cabinet there is no means of knowing. It was issued on September 19, and there has been no cabinet meeting since August 29. That it does not represent the mind of the people of this country we are convinced. On the details of any coming disarmament agreement there may reasonably be the widest divergence of view. But on one fundamental principle the mind of the vast majority of the British people is made up. Germany cannot be held down by force; she cannot be treated thirteen years after the War as a conquered nation; she cannot be tied hand and foot in the matter of armaments while other countries are left free. On that point Conservative papers like the *Times*, the *Observer*, and the *Daily Telegraph* are as clear and decisive as Liberal papers like the *News-Chronicle* or the *Manchester Guardian*, or a Labor paper like the *Daily Herald*. Sir John Simon could have said in three sentences what the country, if it had been consulted, would have required him to say—that Great Britain admits in principle, without cavil or reserve, the justice of the German claim to equality status; that equality must be achieved not by the rearmament of Germany, but

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by the reduction of the armaments of other countries; that to demand actual equality at a single stroke would be unreasonable, but that as earnest of this country's intentions we would accept the Hoover plan substantially as it stands and withdraw any British counter propositions inconsistent with it. Nowhere does the Foreign Office statement admit the justice of Germany's claim, except possibly by some oblique implication from its tortuous phrases.

The *New Statesman and Nation* devotes a leading editorial of unusual length to criticizing 'Simon, the Lawyer,' on his Far Eastern and disarmament policies and arrives at this conclusion:—

When we look back on these ten months, the conclusion that Sir John Simon has been a national and international disaster is inescapable. Without experience of foreign affairs, he seems not even to have attempted to understand the realities of the post-war world. He has brought purely legal talents to bear on a situation that demanded the highest gifts of statesmanship. Perhaps that is not his fault. A man cannot act beyond his capacities. But we can insist that Great Britain should adopt a less miserable policy at Geneva. Is it really wise to side with Japan when the cost is breaking up the League, ending the hope of disarmament, quarreling with the United States, and setting on foot the preparations for the next war?

Only the ultraconservative *Saturday Review* indorses Sir John and his statement about German rearmament:—

The value of that eminent legal mind now at the Foreign Office is made plain. So much for the form. The matter of the statement is hardly less admirable. The British Government points out that the German claim to a status of equality is contrary to treaty obligations and therefore illegal, that it is, further, untimely and constitutes an obstacle to the progress of the Disarmament Conference, and that 'His Majesty's Government can give no countenance or encouragement to the disregard of treaty obligations.' The *Saturday Review*, almost alone among the British press, declared the French case to be unassailable, and is delighted to find itself supported by the British Government.

BY THE TIME this issue of the magazine appears the results of the Ottawa Conference, which caused three free-traders, Lord Snowden, Sir Herbert Samuel, and Sir Archibald Sinclair, to resign from the British Cabinet, will be made public. Last month we pointed out that the Ottawa Conference marked a decisive turning point in world history, and Lord Snowden's typically blunt protests against the Government's accession to the demands of the Dominions substantiates our view. The first result of Ottawa has been the promotion of two able younger statesmen, Major Walter Elliot, the new Conservative minister of agriculture, whose vivid description of the crisis of the summer of 1931 appeared in our September issue of a year ago, and Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the new Liberal financial secretary of the Treasury, a brilliant Jew who bids fair to duplicate the careers of Disraeli and Reading.

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But, on the whole, the Cabinet changes indicate a further strengthening of Conservative forces at the expense of broadly nationalist forces.

FRANCE quickly followed the example of England and has converted 85 billion francs' worth of government bonds paying 5, 6 and 7 per cent into a new issue paying 4½ per cent. Because the franc has already lost eighty per cent of its pre-war value the interest rate was not reduced to 3½ per cent as was the case in England, but the proportional reduction was about the same, the previous English rate having been 5 per cent. The whole French transaction was completed within a week. In a twenty-four-hour session, the Chamber of Deputies voted 525 to 43 in favor of conversion, and the Senate 291 to 9, thus giving Premier Herriot one of the greatest political triumphs of his career. The saving on next year's budget is estimated at about a billion and a half francs, at least half of which used to go to individual bondholders, the other half going to the banks. Almost every family in France had invested some of its savings in the converted bonds and their income will therefore be considerably reduced. But there is no resisting the world-wide slump in interest rates, and the French public has been as eager as the British was to convert its holdings into securities with an assured yield.

NOT BUSES but passenger cars have almost ruined the American railroads, and the same thing is happening in France at a more gradual tempo. There are now more than 1,550,000 motor vehicles, not including motorcycles, on French highways, the number having increased tenfold since the War and having risen from one million to the present figure since 1927. Partly because of the world depression but more because of automobile competition, the French railroads have accumulated a deficit of nearly a billion and a half dollars. The Paris suburbs have grown rapidly since the War, but suburban rail traffic has not increased proportionately owing to the automobile, which has also become increasingly popular for long journeys. Many vacationists and commercial travelers have abandoned the railroad because automobiles are cheaper and more convenient. Sight-seeing buses have also enjoyed some popularity, but the railroads operate them and regard them as an auxiliary service. Just as first- and second-class travelers have abandoned the railroad for the automobile, so shippers of high-priced goods have abandoned the freight car for the motor truck. The Central Administration of the French Railways has summed up the situation in these words, which hold good in other countries than France:—

> The railways hold that in future the number of stations opened to a complete train service may be substantially reduced and that the average distance between

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railway stations, which is now about three miles, may be easily increased to fifteen miles—the normal length of a local motor run. It would thus be possible to limit railway transport to its natural and most logical functions—the transport of completely loaded trucks and the transport of passengers and packages between large centres only.

The transport of passengers and packages on short distances could be effected either by road or by rail, but in the latter case by simpler and more economical methods (autorails, Michelines, and similar car-on-rail devices). Completely loaded trucks must continue to be taken to any existing station, whether open to passenger traffic or not. The cost of maintaining stations for this one purpose only would be comparatively insignificant. Many of the small stations could be supervised by a manager who need not even be a full-time railway official.

On the branch lines the service could be simplified even more. In many cases buses could supplant passenger and parcel trains altogether. One goods train a day, or even one three times a week, would in many cases be sufficient.

THE PRESENT MASTERS of Germany have cut themselves off so completely from any popular, public, or parliamentary agency that the press has lost all contact with them. In the face of an adverse vote of 512 to 42, Von Papen dissolved the Reichstag, and, although nine Germans out of ten support anti-capitalist parties, they have not yet resorted to a general strike. Hans Zehrer's article on the present trend in Germany analyzes the political forces that will probably cause still another parliamentary stalemate in the November elections. Here we need add only a few words about the split between the Nazis and the Nationalists. Not only have the industrialists withdrawn their financial support from Hitler, but his movement has taken a sharp turn to the left and has opposed Von Papen's 'One-Year Plan' to revive German industry by refunding taxes to employers on condition that they hire more labor. An influential Nazi leader in Bavaria has urged his followers to strike against wage cuts and even to consider resorting to a general strike. But William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève* and one of the best authorities in his field, believes that the Nazis lost their opportunity when they failed to enforce their constitutional rights in the last Reichstag session:—

In every political crisis there is a psychological moment. If Napoleon had hesitated on the thirteenth Vendémiaire, or if he had tried to appeal to the tribunals on the eighteenth Brumaire, his name would be no better known than Joubert's. Everything seems to indicate that the National Socialists missed such a moment. It is likely that we shall soon hear that defections are developing between the revolutionary wing of the party led by Goebbels and Strasser and the parliamentary wing headed by Hitler and Göring. In any case, those who keep their eyes open cannot deny that a revolutionary event has occurred in Germany. Perhaps the letter of the Constitution has been observed, but not its spirit. It is revolution from on top. As Napoleon III said, the Government has abandoned legality to return to order.

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THE STRESA CONFERENCE has opened a road that might lead Europe to recovery. The representatives of fifteen states agreed to set up a fund of seventy-five million gold francs to be provided by the grain-importing countries and to go to the grain-exporting countries along the Danube, where farmers are now selling their produce at a dead loss. But the grain-importing countries will be exempt from contributions to the fund in so far as they concede effective tariff preference to Danube grain —in other words, in so far as they pay enough for Danube grain to give the Danube farmers a fair return for their labor. The success of this scheme lies in the hands of England, which has more money and imports more grain than any other European nation. But England has just granted preferential tariffs to Canadian grain and therefore will not be able to purchase grain from Central Europe. Her contribution to the scheme must then take the form of cash, and it is unlikely that the British Government will subsidize Danube farmers except in return for preferential tariffs on British industrial products. The Germans have approved the results of the Stresa Conference because the French have now abandoned the Tardieu plan for a Danube confederation that would exclude Italy and Germany. But if British manufacturers are to be granted preferential tariffs by Germany's Central European customers the Stresa formula is likely to be abandoned and the one accomplishment of the conference will have been to persuade fifteen nations to recognize the existence of an emergency.

THREE YEARS AGO last summer, while preparations for the London Naval Conference for 1930 were under way, Franco-Italian rivalry reached its height. But during the period that followed, while Signor Grandi was playing a rôle of increasing importance as foreign minister, Italian policy became more pacific. The result was that Grandi's personal prestige increased enormously, and when Mussolini took over his post a few months ago it was prophesied that Italy would return to her old belligerent attitude. General Balbo's attack on the work of the Disarmament Conference and the Duce's indorsement of German claims for equality of armament seem to confirm these prophecies, and there is certainly reason to believe that Italy and Germany are collaborating more actively. But this does not mean that Italy contemplates war with France. The Italians are bitterly jealous of the French; they feel that at Versailles they were cheated out of territory in North Africa, Asia Minor, and Dalmatia; they want to see the French hegemony in Europe broken; but they do not want war. For Italy's geographic position and her lack of vital resources and hard cash preclude any possibility of war against France. Mussolini can therefore be counted on to continue to encourage German aggressiveness and to support Hitler, whose triumph

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would be a magnificent indorsement of Italian Fascism. Any change that may come in Italy is more likely to be a swing to the left at home than a swing toward war abroad.

ITALY'S DOMINATION of Albania has aroused important resistance. Seven famous Albanian patriots have been sentenced to death and fourteen more to life imprisonment for plotting against the Government and the state—meaning King Zog and Italy. The patriots include several rich landowners who have worked for Albanian independence in the past and Kemal Seid, a Moslem journalist who has served as correspondent for the Turkish and British press, owned his own nationalist newspaper, helped to drive the Italians from Valona in 1920, and is now condemned to fifteen years in jail. The judges on the special court that tried the case came from the other end of the social ladder, and there is no appeal from their verdict except a pardon from King Zog. One is a former Scutari coachman and another used to do odd jobs for a chemist's shop in the same city. What King Zog fears is that the educated classes, who hope to overthrow his rule, will win the backing of the entire populace. He has therefore caused two hundred people to be arrested, among them many of his former friends, whose grievance against him is that he has accepted financial help from Italy. In reply, he accuses them of having had relations with Albanian emigrants in Yugoslavia, Austria, and Italy, and of having received aid from a neighboring state, meaning Yugoslavia. King Zog used to get Yugoslavian money himself, but when it ran out he had to turn to the Italians, who forced him to spend more than half the national budget on arms, munitions, and military preparations. But Albania is too poor a country to maintain the kind of establishment that Italy has demanded and the big landowners, who pay most of the taxes, have naturally been the first to rebel.

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET'S beautiful essay on the Andalusian soul is no mere æsthetic exercise. The land-reform bill just passed by the Cortes and described by the Spanish minister of agriculture as 'an eminently revolutionary law' that will help destroy 'the old, archaic, and corrupt foundations of the state' is primarily designed to pacify the turbulent Andalusian province. The principle of the law is expropriation with compensation, some landowners receiving 5-per-cent state bonds amounting to not more than 20 per cent of the taxable value of their property, whereas absentee owners of feudal estates receive compensation only for recent improvements that they have made. The method by which the land is to be farmed is left open. Near towns and villages it will be divided into small holdings and operated by individual families, but the big, isolated estates will be cultivated by communal groups. The state will

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rent land to peasant holders and to their descendants, but will also cede some property to private undertakings that guarantee proper cultivation. The task is a tremendous one and bids fair to become the most revolutionary agricultural measure undertaken by any country except Russia. Some million and a half families will be directly affected. Of these only fourteen thousand own more than 625 acres, and 670,000 families own patches of ground none of which is larger than 25 acres. In the province of Seville 900 landowners hold 1,800,000 acres of land.

THE KREUGER SCANDAL and the world depression that brought it to light played an important part in the recent Swedish elections. The Liberals, whose leader, Ekman, resigned from the premiership after denying that his party had received funds from Kreuger, although documents were at once produced proving the contrary, lost eight of their twenty-eight seats. The Conservative representation declined from 73 to 58. The Peasant Party increased its seats from 27 to 36, and the Socialists grew from 90 to 104. The Communists still hold 6 seats, although the Communist opposition group that hitherto dominated the movement in Sweden lost two of its seats to members of the orthodox party. For the first time in Swedish history the Socialists and Communists have more votes than the bourgeois parties and the Socialist leader, Hansson, has attempted to form a government because the Conservatives refused to coöperate with the Peasant Party, which now holds the balance of power. As in England, the Liberals abandoned their historic rôle as defenders of free trade and during the previous Parliament adopted protective tariffs in conjunction with the Conservatives without, however, heeding the demands of the farmers for agricultural protection. In the upper house, whose members are chosen by special electors and not by popular vote, the bourgeois parties retain control. The new Socialist administration will have its hands full.

ACCORDING TO Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, a new kind of class war has developed in Russia between the peasants and the industrial workers. Owing to the food shortage more and more peasants are selling their products in the cities at gradually rising prices, and similar rises in the factory stores indicate that modified inflation has begun. Vegetables, meat, butter, and milk can be sold either to the state or on the public market, and after January 15 the peasants will also be permitted to sell grain freely, provided they have already delivered their quota to the collective farm. Thanks to especially good weather, the August harvest equaled that of last year—Herr Basseches had previously prophesied a decline of almost fifty per cent for 1932—but the sowings of winter wheat have fallen behind last

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year's figure and the peasants have been devoting so much more land to raising vegetables that the period of winter sowing had to be extended a fortnight. The Soviet press acknowledges that peasants are leaving the collective farms and Herr Basseches comes to these conclusions:—

> The Russian peasant, being unorganized, cannot yet give his economic interests political form and therefore does not threaten the state with rebellion. But he has another, much more powerful weapon. With elemental force he suddenly adopts passive resistance toward the city, though it may often cost him great physical suffering. But this weapon, which strikes the city in its most sensitive spot, the human stomach, is irresistible.
>
> The Soviet state has been reminded of the wisdom of Lenin, who said that the Russian peasant has two souls. One of them, suppressed and exploited for centuries, sympathizes with socialism and the working class, but the other soul is the soul of the vegetable and grain merchant. It leans toward capitalism, wants free markets and individual economic forms. Lenin said that the Soviet régime could be securely established only if it could win the support of the peasants, and that meant some form of compromise. The present leaders of the Soviet Government have offered the peasants such a compromise in the form of the collective-farm market. But it looks as if the peasant did not want to do business there.

In the face of these conditions, Russian bonds, bearing ten-per-cent interest rates and redeemable at par on demand in dollars, pounds, marks, and other foreign currencies, are finding buyers on the financial markets of the world.

FOUR MONTHS AGO the war danger between Russia and Japan was acute. The *China Critic* of Shanghai, a Chinese nationalist weekly, gives Moscow the credit for removing, temporarily at least, one of the most dangerous points of friction in the modern world:—

> The Soviet Government, because of its desire to complete its first and second five-year programmes peacefully, has consistently adopted a conciliatory attitude toward Japan's transgressions against its rights. Moscow's overtures to Tokyo on this score are believed to have been both frequent and sincere. It will be remembered that while Mr. Yoshizawa was on his way home to become the foreign minister he was met at the railway station by Mr. Litvinov and Mr. Karakhan, where his opinion was sounded as to Japan's inclination to conclude a treaty of nonaggression with Russia. This proposal was subsequently turned down by the Japanese, who undoubtedly were entertaining wild ambitions both in Siberia and in Mongolia, where Russian influence is well intrenched. But the Russians were by no means disheartened, and they perceived during the early stages of the present Manchurian imbroglio that the only effective way of gaining Japan's respect is by force and force alone. So, while they were very conciliatory in their general attitude, they lost no time in strengthening their military defenses in Vladivostok and along the Siberian border. This strengthening of their military preparations had a sobering effect on the Japanese militarists, who are universally recognized as infected with a high degree of war fever. That the reported agreement is at all possible must be regarded as a Russian triumph.

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Russia has been equally successful in moderating the war danger on her western frontier by concluding nonaggression treaties with Rumania and Poland.

SO MUCH MORE COMMENT on the Lytton Report will have appeared in the world press before this issue of THE LIVING AGE appears that we are confining our remarks on the Far Eastern situation to the comments on Japan's recognition of Manchukuo that appeared in two representative British newspapers. The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* condemned Japan's policy *in toto:*—

> Subterfuges apart, Japan has torn a piece out of the living body of China. She has done this by a violence that she refused to call 'war' though it was war, breaking thereby the treaties that both she and China had signed: the Covenant of the League; the Kellogg Pact, which says that 'the solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, . . . shall never be sought except by pacific means'; and the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922, in which the signatories promised to respect the sovereignty and integrity of China and in which they agreed 'to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable Government.' Japan need not have chosen to sign any of these three treaties, but she chose. She is as much bound to abide by the restrictions that they imposed on her liberty of action as China is entitled to the protection that they ought to have, and have not, given her. The signatories of three great treaties cannot tamely allow one of their members to violate them at the expense of another member, whether the violation is open or practised with a profusion of cynical pretense.

The Conservative London *Times* takes a more cautious attitude, and, after scolding the Japanese mildly, admits that circumstances differ in different parts of the world:—

> What Japan did in Shanghai found little support in this country; but her position in Manchuria is very different. Her economic interests there are vital to the prosperity of a rapidly increasing population; she saved the country from Russia at the beginning of this century; and she has since protected it from the chaos and anarchy that have beset other parts of China. She legitimately acquired economic rights that were illegitimately obstructed by the Chinese; and she failed through long patient years to obtain redress by diplomatic means. It can be argued with some force that the rules of conduct which the League lays down are not equally applicable in every part of the world; but the point is apt to be ignored in the Assembly, where all states are in a general way presumed to be equal, and all members are assumed to have reached approximately the same stage of evolution.

This is the line of reasoning that Foreign Secretary Simon has constantly pursued, and the Lytton Report is perhaps not strong enough to prevent him from continuing in the same direction.

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A French pamphleteer makes out an impressive case against the armament industry in every country as the most powerful existing threat to world peace.

Steel *against* PEACE

By GEORGES HOOG

Translated from *L'Acier contre la Paix*
Pamphlet issued by the liberal *Jeune République* group, Paris

DURING the last half century many monarchies have collapsed, but monarchy itself is not dead. It has simply changed its name. We are now living under a capitalist monarchy which, like all others, has its kings and dynasties. It even has its princes of the blood, cannon merchants, the purpose of whose industry is to fill the charnel houses of all nations impartially by means of war. They are the real aristocrats of modern times. Before the War they included four principal dynasties, Vickers and Armstrong in England, Schneider in France, Krupp and Stumm in Germany, and Putilov in Russia. Naturally, the governments treated such powerful families like aristocrats. In fact, all governments did them honor, no matter what the nationality of these princes of the blood might happen to be. For princely families demand international courtesy.

Thus Napoleon III made the head of the Krupp dynasty an officer in the French Legion of Honor. And, of course, the German Emperor had to treat the Krupps at least as well as the French Emperor did, so that William II offered one of the Krupps the title of prince. But, since Krupp was more accustomed to financial activity than to court titles, he refused the honor. However, he accepted for his daughter what he had refused for himself and William II married Bertha Krupp to a member of the German nobility.

All great princely dynasties are connected by marriage. It is therefore not surprising that the cannon merchants have followed the example of national dynasties and made international connections. They did this before the War; they have been doing it since; and they even kept it up during the conflict, strange as that may seem.

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For one might suppose that the German, Krupp, would sell his war materials only to Germany and her allies. One might also suppose that the Frenchman, Schneider, would patriotically reserve his products for France and her friends. One might imagine that each would guard his manufacturing secrets jealously, since these secrets are supposed to be of the highest importance to the defense of the nation.

But not at all. Most of the national war industries had international connections. Their interests were linked up together, even their personnel overlapped, and they shared their manufacturing secrets in common. There existed and there still exists a real capitalist international of cannon. What, then, are we to think of the 'patriotic' attacks that certain newspapers, more or less in the service of this international, have launched and still launch on pacifists who in their eyes are guilty of trying to understand each other across frontiers? Well, it would be scandalous if pacifists united internationally to establish peace through good will and intelligent comprehension. It would be a crime against their countries. But when cannon merchants unite internationally to prepare for future wars from which their profits will run into billions they are worthy of praise and are performing an act of the highest patriotism. Such hypocrisy must be denounced.

II

Before the War, the international armament business possessed considerable importance. Of course, it slowed down a little during the War, but it did not cease completely even between enemy countries, and after the War it naturally assumed greater intensity than ever. Such is the illogicality, one might well say hypocrisy, of the present international situation. People want to set up a new international order based on law and not on brute force. A League of Nations has been established whose Covenant tries to eliminate recourse to arms as much as possible. The Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war has been signed. But at the same time the international armament business enjoys complete liberty. In other words, we are pretending to prevent war without preventing unrestrained commerce in war materials.

When fighting breaks out anywhere we see the cannon merchants rushing to the scene of action to sell their merchandise, which means arming one of the belligerents and often both without regard to nationality. Again we are witnessing the scandalous anomaly that we already saw during the Great War. When Abd-el-Krim raised the flag of insurrection and independence in the Moroccan Rif in 1925 some people pretended to be surprised when they discovered that he was armed by Europeans. In the words of M. Jules Prudhommeaux, writing in *L'Émancipation* of December 25, 1929, 'There were discovered in Morocco machine guns, ammunition, and even aëroplanes that had been abandoned or surrendered by Abd-el-Krim's troops and that were obviously of French origin. But a discreet silence stifled this discovery, and the same mystery obscures the origin of the machine guns that were seized in the Hungarian railway station of Saint-Gotthard.'

Is Japan planning to invade Man-

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churia? Again the cannon merchants are lying in wait, and here is some quite suggestive information. On November 19, 1931, in the House of Commons, the Labor M. P. Logan from Liverpool asked the British Government the following question: 'Is it true that, during these last six months, permits were issued authorizing the export of arms and munitions to the Chinese and Japanese Governments?'

A very indiscreet question, one might say; at least it would have been judged so in France. But in England, not at all. 'Of course,' replied Major Colville, secretary for oversea trade, 'authorization was given to furnish war supplies to those two governments during the period in question.' It seems that the reply aroused a certain amount of emotion. We quite understand. According to statements made before the House of Commons on February 4, 1932, by Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade, the equivalent of 5,075,000 francs' worth of armaments had been provided to China and the equivalent of 18,375,000 to Japan.

III

The question of the Labor M. P. from Liverpool applied to English industrialists. Here is something about French industrialists. 'We bring back from Geneva,' wrote the deputy, Pierre Cot, in the *République* for February 21, 1932, 'a piece of information that stands in no danger of being denied. Here it is: the House of Schneider has received orders for heavy artillery from Japan.'

If we did not know what the international armament business really amounted to we should consider it injurious to the good name of France that an important French concern should be providing the Japanese aggressors with heavy artillery. But there is a further circumstance that makes the case still worse. 'Japan has no need for the material ordered,' added Pierre Cot, 'but she needs the influence of the Schneider house.' At once we ask why. Alas. If we study this question further we shall perhaps find the answer. Is n't there something disturbing about the sympathy that has been organized by certain French newspapers in behalf of Japanese aggression? But the case is even worse, for Pierre Cot finally inquired whether, as he believed, 'the same' French firm that was delivering munitions for Japan to use against China was also furnishing China with munitions to use against Japan, whether, in other words, it was making a double profit from the war. If so, it was making money wherever blood might flow.'

And American industry has been no less disinterested than English or French. A Reuters dispatch from Washington dated February 24, 1932, stated that Paul Linebarger, 'a general legal adviser to the Chinese National Government,' had appeared before the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives and 'accused the American bankers and munition makers of aiding Japan in its dispute with China.' According to Mr. Linebarger, American deliveries of munitions to Japan amounted to $181,000,000.

But it seems that Europe provided the Far Eastern belligerents more abundantly. The *Populaire* for March 5, 1932, listed a certain number of shipments destined for Japan that

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left Hamburg between the 4th and 7th of February. Germany was the chief provider of chemical products, France of Hotchkiss machine guns and Creusot tanks, Czechoslovakia of grenades and cartridges from the Skoda factories, and England of general war materials. Certain crates containing acids for the manufacture of explosives were labeled pianos.

If we are to believe certain documents, the industrialists of France and Germany worked together to arm Japan more adequately, a form of Franco-German collaboration that does not seem to frighten our extreme nationalists. On the 11th of February, 1932, speaking before the Chamber of Deputies, Paul Faure read a document emanating from the house of Schneider, and the following statements were not denied: 'One thousand kilogrammes of powder B. G. 4 for Mauser gun cartridges to be sent to the Mauser factory in Leipzig. Order, Japan 6,907.' In other words, Schneider was furnishing powder to be used in cartridges that Germany was furnishing to Japan. But here is another still more suggestive document. It was read by the same deputy the same day in the same place. 'We, the undersigned, Schneider and Company, masters of the Creusot works, solicit authorization to ship to Paul Capit, at Palmrain, Baden, the powder designated below coming from the Pont-de-Buis powder works: 2,200 kilogrammes of powder B. M. 11, 200 kilogrammes of powder B. M. 13. Our shipment will include sixty-six cases.' Was this also to be sent to Japan? We do not know. Paul Faure added, in any case, that one of his colleagues, Burtin, had asked the war minister about this powder and had been told 'that it was a powder for artillery, evidently a secret powder.'

IV

Make no mistake about it. The profits of the cannon international, which is so eager for gain, are considerable. Invoking M. Boris as an authority, M. Chabrun declared to the Chamber of Deputies on February 23, 1932, that 'the munition makers had made profits of about eight hundred million francs from the armament expenditures in the French budget of 1930.' In regard to cannon merchants, there is no need to ask where their money comes from. We know that only too well. What would be much more interesting would be to know where it goes. Is it true, for instance, that some of the profits of the cannon international are subsidizing the nationalist movement in Germany in its most demagogic form? Such a question naturally arises when we read, in an organ so little open to suspicion of prejudice against heavy industry as *Le Journal*, a report on the German election of September 1930: 'People are almost fighting to be allowed to contribute to the Hitler treasury, which is receiving 300,000 gold francs from Switzerland, which is benefiting from contributions solicited in Holland by a university professor named Von Bissing, which is gladly receiving thousands of dollars from America, and which has no hesitations about accepting funds that are being provided, for some unaccountable reason, by great Czechoslovakian industrialists of German origin.'

That German nationalist propaganda is subsidized by German heavy industry and industrialists of German origin is only one feature of contem-

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porary capitalism, and we have no reason to be surprised, for is n't the same thing being done in every country?

But here is something more complicated. In the statement of the Banque de l'Union Parisienne for April 8, 1927, we read: 'In conjunction with Messrs. Schneider and Company of Creusot, the Banque de l'Union Parisienne founded in April 1920 the European Industrial and Financial Union, an establishment with a great future that is assured control of the most important Czechoslovak industries, notably the Skoda establishments.' Thus, the French firm of Schneider and Company controls financially the Czechoslovak Skoda establishment, which, if we are to believe the *Journal*, is subsidizing Hitler's propaganda. Now the Skoda factories are among the most important in Europe, for by the end of 1930 they had furnished 755,000 rifles, 72,000 submachine guns, 13,000 machine guns, 1,400 pieces of artillery, and considerable quantities of military airplanes and armored cars to Yugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, Persia, China, Mexico, the Argentine, Spain, Bulgaria, and even Soviet Russia.

That is the cannon international at work. On the one hand, it subsidizes nationalist propaganda of the dangerous Hitler variety, the very propaganda in whose name the nationalists of every country pretend to justify their policy of overarmament. On the other hand, it provides indifferently to all who wish to buy—for business is business—the armament that this policy demands. We find ourselves asking how international public opinion can fail to react with a violent gesture of disgust against such practices. Alas, it does not react because it is ignorant or deceived.

'Articles against peace are written with pens made of the same steel as cannon and shells.' It was Aristide Briand who pronounced these sadly suggestive words at Geneva. The facts are not lacking to prove that Briand spoke the truth. Here I shall simply cite a few typical instances. In the month of June 1913, Francis Delaisi wrote as follows: 'The campaigns for armaments ordinarily occur —as this one is occurring to-day— when private business is entering a period of depression. In short, the manufacture of war supplies is indispensable to the metal industry.'

V

These words were written twenty years ago but they still apply. Are they not being verified before our eyes? To-day we are again undergoing an economic crisis. We are witnessing an era of depression in private industry, and this is the moment when, in spite of the Disarmament Conference, or perhaps because of it, we are witnessing a new campaign for armaments. A financial article that appeared on March 7, 1931, in the *Lettres d'un Boursier* in behalf of the Hotchkiss house is particularly significant in this respect. The Hotchkiss concern manufactures both war materials and automobiles. The author of the article was showing the superiority of this type of enterprise, which, according to circumstances, can concentrate on peace or war products. 'Not only is it one of those splendid French industries run with French methods in which all interests repre-

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sented, especially those of the stockholders, are considered, but such a powerful organization finds itself, because of the various products it makes, absolutely immune to the course of events.'

These statements are gallantly made, but the author thought it well to insist that, 'whether it is business or war, the company is assured of constant prosperity.' Do you doubt this statement? The author has no embarrassment in quoting certain facts to support his contention: 'I do not need to recall here what favor the machine gun that bears its [the Hotchkiss] mark has always enjoyed or how the company has constantly received abundant orders for it from all the Great Powers.'

But, you may reply, the War is over, and the author is boasting. Not at all. The house of Hotchkiss is in a good position, for 'its division devoted to the construction of war material, which naturally grew enormously between 1914 and 1918, has not been affected by unemployment since the Armistice, and I know from certain sources that it now has orders as large as those during the period of the great European conflict.' This statement will perhaps reassure capitalists looking for good investments, but it does not reassure the rest of us at all. Were those 'large orders' that he was talking about in March 1931 connected with the Sino-Japanese conflict that broke out six months later?

If we have any doubts, the *Journal du Crédit Public* of February 11, 1932, will almost finish them. There we find another article about the same Hotchkiss company, and we read: 'In the war-material branch results were equally satisfactory, and, as the president foresaw at the last meeting, this division will soon be on a par with the automobile division. The company is now filling an order amounting to 200 million francs for Japan, nearly half of which is completed, and another order for 500 million francs' worth of machine guns for Brazil.' Are we to be surprised by a forthcoming conflict in South America?

Naturally, certain financial journals expressed profound satisfaction when the Sino-Japanese conflict began. In their eyes it was a kind of antidote to the economic and financial crisis. 'In certain quarters,' said *Capital* on November 9, 1931, 'the improvement on the Stock Exchange is attributed to the conflict in Manchuria, which is increasing the demand for metals.' The next day *Capital* described the situation as being still better. 'Prices are improving to-day. It is true that a declaration of war between China and Japan is considered likely.'

VI

Now suppose Japan were to enlarge its field of operations, as indeed it did. Even suppose Soviet Russia were to enter the struggle, which happily has not yet occurred. Business would get better and better. At any rate, that is what the *Situation Économique et Financière* for November 6, 1931, assures us: 'At the risk of being attacked by the peace-lovers, we shall state that a war in Manchuria, or even a considerable development of the Japanese occupation, which would undoubtedly involve parallel Soviet operations, would tend to raise the prices of raw materials. In every country a military campaign increases

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consumption, and the men who are mobilized are removed from productive work. Everyone in France knows this from experience. Leaving aside all humanitarian sentiment and all political considerations, we must therefore admit, in so far as the economic field is concerned, that, if certain factors really develop, they will tend to use up stocks of raw materials, to decrease dumping, and to increase the demands for certain materials.' Figures will illustrate this theory. According to the very incomplete statistics that the League of Nations has been able to procure, private business in arms and munitions rose to $48,438,000 in 1925, a year that witnessed no serious international conflict except the insurrection of Abd-el-Krim in the Rif. With the Japanese conflict in 1931–32, business ought to be a lot better.

In 1925, according to the League of Nations, 35 per cent of the war materials whose total cost we have indicated came from Great Britain, 22 per cent from the United States, 17 per cent from Germany, and 15 per cent from France. Germany may have to limit its armament expenditures, but it is not forbidden to arm other countries. What countries bought these enormous supplies of arms in 1925? The League of Nations tried to answer the question, but, if the statistics showing total armament exports are incomplete, the import statistics are still more so. Countries manufacturing munitions are shown to have exported $48,000,000 worth but only $27,000,000 worth of imports are admitted by the countries that did the purchasing. Of these $27,000,000, $13,000,000 were spent by Japan and China.

We may therefore assume that Japan was preparing for its Manchurian campaign even at that time. As for China, we know that before it was ravaged by foreign war it was cruelly torn asunder by civil war, and that this gave the Japanese a pretext to attack Manchuria. But was China alone responsible for this civil war?

In his pamphlet entitled *Industries of War and Industries of Peace*, Francis Delaisi has answered this question: 'For twenty years this immense country has been the prey of a dozen rascals, real fomenters of war who raise mercenary armies. These armies have European equipment, and if anyone wants to know where the equipment comes from he has only to follow in the newspapers the visits of their officers to Creusot, Saint-Étienne, Krupp, and Vickers. The big armament firms provide them abundantly with cannon, machine guns, and munition and are paid with the proceeds of the pillage of the provinces. Every general has his sleeping partner whose name can be found in the banks of Hong Kong, Paris, New York, Yokohama, or even Moscow. Simple shifts of capital determine the separation or fusion of armies. The sleeping partners change generals or the generals change sleeping partners. This system has unleashed all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War on this unfortunate country.'

Do we now understand why the financial organs, far from deploring the Sino-Japanese conflict, even welcome it? People used to say, 'When the edifice goes, everything goes.' If we are to believe certain soothsayers of international finance and the cannon international we must now say, 'When armaments go, everything goes.'

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The editor of the organ of the Nazi intellectuals traces the realignment of Germany's political parties since the War and urges revolution from above.

Germany's Next Phase

By HANS ZEHRER

Translated from *Die Tat*
Jena National Socialist Monthly

EVERY process announces its approaching end by quickening its tempo. It rushes downhill like an automobile whose brakes do not hold and thunders to its end incapable of being halted or slowed down. Germany's development reached this phase in 1930 and since then the country has been rushing downhill at increasing speed. This year it has traveled most rapidly. We are now approaching the finish. The present development is over. We have come to the end of our road. This does not mean that all activity has ceased. We are about to set out in a new direction with new strength. What moved us yesterday is already vanishing and will be forgotten to-morrow. The great change in Germany has arrived.

It would take too much space to describe the human, psychological side of the process that has just been completed. The liberals, whose foundations of security have been shattered, now lay the blame on others and have stopped arguing among themselves. They are looking desperately through their world, hoping somewhere to find a flaw on which they can blame the crisis that has knocked the ground out from under them. Tremendous energies are being devoted to this search, which at least seems more sensible than mutual recrimination. For it is a good thing to recognize that the old security can not be reëstablished and that new foundations must be built.

Politically, these efforts are revealed in the growing political activity of the people, in their increasing radicalization, in surprising electoral landslides, and in the disappearance of previously secure political organizations. The high point of this development was reached in 1932, when election followed election. The one that

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occurred at the end of July marked the end of this process. Now the fronts are clearly drawn. More elections may come, but they will prove nothing new and will bring no changes. The wheel of history is already in motion. The devices that used to be able to check it can no longer hold it back. Anyone who does not understand that the change has come and that we are setting out on a new course will suddenly wake up to find out that he has wandered up a blind alley and missed the change.

Not only do we stand at the end of a process that has lasted over the past three years, but we are liquidating a larger process that began in November 1918. In these fourteen years the German nation has regrouped itself politically, economically, and socially as the result of the loss of the World War and its consequences, both practical and real on the one hand and theoretical and psychological on the other. Let us glance briefly at the political statistics which show the change that has occurred. The seven Reichstag elections since 1919 show that the different parties won the following percentages of votes:—

RESULTS OF REICHSTAG ELECTIONS SINCE 1919 IN PERCENTAGES

PARTY	ELECTION						
	Jan. 1919	June 1920	May 1924	July 1924	May 1928	Sept. 1930	July 1932
National Socialist	.....	.....	6.5	3.0	2.6	18.3	37.9
National People's	10.3	15.1	19.5	20.5	14.3	7.0	6.1
Christian Social People's	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2.5	0.5
Peasants' and Country People's	.....	.....	.....	.....	1.9	3.2	0.2
Farmers' Union	.....	.....	2.0	1.7	0.6	0.6	0.3
Economic	0.9	0.8	2.4	3.3	4.5	3.9	0.1
People's	4.4	14.0	9.2	10.1	8.7	4.5	1.2
Centre	19.7	13.1	13.4	13.6	12.0	11.8	12.4
Bavarian People's	.....	4.4	3.2	3.7	3.1	3.0	3.6
Democratic	18.5	8.4	5.7	6.3	4.9	3.8	0.7
Social Democratic	37.9	22.1	20.5	26.0	29.8	24.5	21.9
Independent Social Democratic	7.6	18.0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Communist	.....	2.0	12.6	9.0	10.6	13.1	14.7
Others	0.7	2.1	5.0	2.8	7.0	3.8	0.4
Total percentage of electorate voting	83.0	79.2	77.4	78.8	75.6	82.0	83.5

Since the National Assembly of 1919 was elected under peculiar circumstances, the Reichstag elections of 1920 offer the best basis of comparison. From then on the three big party blocks, which are gradually absorbing all other groups, have developed in the following manner. The right has grown from 15.1 per cent in 1920 to 46.3 per cent in 1932, drawing into itself various small parties like the Peasants' Party, the Economic Party, and others that were considered middle parties in 1920. In the same period, the middle parties have declined from 42.8 per cent to 16.7 per cent. They now consist of the Centre, the Bavarian People's Party, and the tiny remnant of Democrats. But, from a practical point of view, they do not exist at all, since the Centre Party has undergone a fun-

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damental transformation. The proletarian left has sunk during this period from 42.1 per cent to 36.6 per cent, but it is comparatively stable.

These figures show two things. First of all, the complete collapse of a basis that might be called liberal. During the last fourteen years, the liberal world has gone out of existence. Since the Centre Party has its own special world philosophy that cannot be considered liberal and since the remnants of liberalism, including the whole liberal press, except the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Weltbühne*, and the *Tage-Buch*, are vainly trying to grope their way back to their liberal past, none of this world remains. It has been annihilated.

But the proletarian front has shown remarkable stability. The losses it has suffered in the past fourteen years are relatively small compared to the other changes that have occurred. It has held its ground in the face of this stormy process and will never, even if still greater changes occur, which I consider improbable, sink to less than one-third of the total voting population. The worker remains true to the proletarian front. Though the workers' parties have not all held their ground, trade-union members and their families represent a firm, disciplined contingent of the proletarian left.

To-day the revolution of the ballot box is over. Party lines are clearly drawn. No more changes can be expected. The fronts are gradually stiffening and further elections cannot shake them. In the present situation, therefore, the right controls 46.3 per cent of the voters, the centre 16.7 per cent, and the left 36.6 per cent.

These numerical demarcations reveal the destruction of the liberal base and the stability of the proletarian left, but they have not yet revealed the inner ideological change that has occurred on all fronts. To-day we still use the words 'right' and 'left' as we did in 1920. We do not yet understand the profound changes these expressions have undergone, changes that arise from two central causes, nationalism and socialism.

II

The national transformation cannot be expressed in statistics. The nationalism of the left, readily observable on all hands, and the collapse of internationalism are revealed in a hundred sentiments but not in figures. The case with socialism is different. The following percentages show the growth of the parties that openly make socialist demands. We leave out of consideration the Centre, although the Christian trade unions do stand for certain socialistic principles. The percentage of votes given to parties that make socialist demands has followed this course since 1919:—

Jan. 1919	45.5
June 1920	41.1
May 1924	39.6
July 1924	38.0
May 1928	43.0
Sept. 1930	55.9
July 1932	74.5

Whereas the liberal, capitalistic parties, excluding the Centre, received 34.8 per cent of the votes in 1919, this quota dropped to 9.5 per cent in July 1932. In the same period the socialistic tendency increased from 45.5 to 74.5 per cent, and, if the Centre is included, to 90.5 per cent. These figures show the clear social and

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economic regrouping that has occurred among the German people since 1914. It has been transformed from a liberal bourgeois state into a proletarian nation. The process of economic and social leveling that has robbed the ruling classes of their privileges has also taken away from the lower classes all chance of economic security. The education and property of the ruling classes and the social and economic ambitions of the lower classes have vanished, and a new foundation has been laid, the foundation of a German socialism that is no longer dominated by the liberal idea of rising in the world, that is no longer the antithesis and unwilling brother of capitalism, but that fights for social justice for all.[8]

While this stormy process was beating down on every front and destroying certain groups, only the National Socialist Party sailed before the prevailing wind. The growth of the party in the elections of September 1930 announced the revolution that was occurring in Germany. As the standard bearer of a public creed that was slowly spreading, the party wanted to gain parliamentary power by winning fifty-one per cent of the votes. Although originally a revolutionary group, the National Socialists adopted more and more liberal methods and let themselves be deceived by their successes at the polls.

Hence the party now finds itself facing serious difficulties. The process is completed. The liberal revolution is ended. The various fronts are slowly stiffening. The storm abates, but the National Socialist Party has not yet attained the purpose that its supporters saw before them, the legal accession to political power.

During the Prussian elections in the spring of 1932 the National Socialists secured 36.2 per cent of the votes and at the Reichstag elections of July 37.9 per cent. This shows that the party has reached its high point and is beginning to stagnate. The proletarian left, on the other hand, consisting of the Social Democrats and Communists, received a considerably larger proportion of votes in July than it did in April, and the Centre held its ground. When we remember that the National Socialist wave has begun to subside and that people are getting tired of politics and want to get down to real work, we must recognize that the National Socialist Party will never succeed in getting more than 37.9 per cent of the total vote. Therefore it must decide what path to follow.

Three ways lie open. If it still wants to take over power by itself legally, it must refuse all responsibility and content itself with waiting until it receives a fifty-one per cent majority in parliament or until it elects a president. On the other hand, it might become illegal and attempt to duplicate Mussolini's feat with a march on Berlin. Neither method promises success. The fifty-one per cent majority in parliament is out of the question, for the people are tired of politics. The presidential contest would be problematical and may not occur for seven years.

But the National Socialist Party cannot wait half that time and the illegal method offers small possibilities. 'One does n't make a revolution against the army, but with the army,' said Mussolini in 1921. In Germany any illegal action would encounter the determined opposition of the

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army, which is firmly controlled by the President, and therefore it would be doomed to defeat. Nothing can be accomplished in Germany by the old methods of elections, parties, and parliaments. These paths are closed. They do not offer a retreat, as the liberal elements hope, nor an advance, as the radical elements prophesy. We are confronted by a solid wall and our future course must take a different direction.

III

The parties of the right are supported by 46.3 per cent of the voters, but these parties are divided among themselves, for the conflicts between the National Socialists and the National People's Party and the People's Party are sharper than the conflicts between the National Socialist, Gregor Strasser, and the trade unions of the left. We have a middle group with 16.7 of the votes. It is composed almost exclusively of the Centre Party, which is drifting further and further into dangerous isolation. We have a left wing with 36.6 of the votes, but the left is divided against itself, and any attempt to form a united front between the Socialists and the Communists is doomed to disaster.

The initiative lies exclusively with the neutral government officials, with the coalition between the President, the Reichswehr, and the Civil Service that exists to-day. They alone are neutral, they alone are capable of building the necessary bridge between right and left and forming a framework and a national community. How shall this new front, which I might call the third front and which will include all the most active elements of the old fronts, appear?

This front must be based on the fact that more than eighty per cent of the German people are now striving for social justice. Gregor Strasser is anticapitalistic. The Catholic trade unions are advocating a programme of nationalization. The Social Democrats make socialist demands. The Communists are advocating an even more extreme socialism. There is also the fact that the foreign powers by forbidding us equality of armament for the past fourteen years have brought into being a new national idea that no party in Germany dares attack and that unites the people. The national movement and the social movement are drawing closer in Germany every day and are welding the people together. Political organizations are losing their influence because the propaganda mediums of these organizations have wandered down a blind alley. All parties have been affected by the crisis. Their old slogans no longer ring true and they must find new methods if they are to convince the people of their necessity.

In Germany we have been gradually approaching one basic problem. First it was a question of monarchy versus republic, then of a black, white, and red flag versus a black, red, and gold flag. Next it became a question of dictatorship or parliament, and finally a question of capitalism or socialism. But these conflicts were merely verbal, without foundation, and simply strengthened and stabilized the conflict between right and left. To-day something entirely new has happened. The conflict between right and left no longer exists. The right is no longer fundamentally right and its strongest party has tendencies to the left as far as economics are concerned.

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The left is no longer fundamentally left and its strongest groups, the trade unions, are showing nationalist tendencies typical of the right. The epoch of demagogy and slogans has ended because the people are tired of politics.

What does this prove? No group, right or left, comes forward and clearly announces what it actually wants. The government officials have their great chance to-day. They are neutral. They are not bound by conflicts between party organizations and to that extent they are not obligated to any group of interests. We now have in Germany the opportunity to make a sensible revolution from on top without destruction, since the prospects of its being carried out from below remain in the very distant future. We have the chance to make ourselves into a national community from on top, since such a community already exists below in outline but is being blocked and intentionally hindered by party organizations.

One flag flies in Germany to-day. If this flag remains flying and is not torn to pieces by conflicting parties, the bottom of the crisis is passed and the turn is again upward. The great change has already occurred. The people are ready. If men exist who are capable of putting this task through we are about to consolidate ourselves on a new basis. The old foundations are completely destroyed.

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The author of *The Revolt of the Masses*, who is also editor of the *Revista de Occidente*, says that Andalusian influences are in the ascendant in Spain and explains what they will amount to.

Undeluded Andalusia

By José Ortega y Gasset

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*
Berlin International Monthly

THROUGHOUT the entire nineteenth century Spain lived under the overwhelming influence of Andalusia. The century began with the Cortes of Cadiz. It ended with the murder of Cánovas del Castillo and the glorification of Silvela, two Malagans. The predominating ideas bore an Andalusian stamp. Painting was Andalusian, a flat roof against the sun, a patio full of flowers, blue sky. People read Andalusian writers. They were always talking about the 'land of Maria Santísima.' Brigands of the Sierra Morena and smugglers became national heroes. All Spain felt that its existence was justified because it had the honor of including within its boundaries the soil of Andalusia.

This changed, along with many other things, in 1900, when the north asserted itself. It began with the rise of the Catalonians, the Asturians, and the Basques. Science and art languished in the south. The influence of Andalusian politicians ceased. The *cordobés* gave way to the Basque cap. People built Basque chalets everywhere. The Spaniard became proud of Barcelona, Bilbao, San Sebastián. People talked about Basque iron and Asturian coal. This shift of the Spanish centre of gravity from one half of the country to the other deserves closer investigation and one is tempted to follow its rhythm backward and to discover whether there is a periodic law that divides our whole history into northern and southern epochs.

In any event, a sharp eye can now discern the beginning of a decline of northern influence in the Spanish peninsula. Perhaps the northern provinces have begun to lose energy, lose faith in themselves, their special talents, their way of life, their virtues.

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Perhaps the rest of Spain is simply weary of northern influences. Probably both factors exist. Certain vague yet vivid experiences lead me to believe that the life force of any individual or community possesses no absolute power and does not depend only on itself, but is modified by the life forces that exist around it. A nation may decline, not because it has given up the struggle, but because other nations in its neighborhood are rising in the world. On the other hand, a nation may enter upon a new lease of life simply because its neighbors are going into a decline. Certainly it is evident in the economic sphere that the relative poverty of Catalonia, the Basque provinces, and Asturias is deepening as the wealth of Andalusia grows. Yet there are no tangible signs of a spiritual and moral revival, and we come closest to reality if we say that at the present moment the north and south of Spain are in a state of balance. But this period of indecision cannot last long. It is unquestionably a passing phase and will soon lead to renewed confidence in the north or a new burst of life in Andalusia.

If we assume that Andalusia is on the threshold of a revival we must form a conception of Andalusian life radically different from that held by our fathers and grandfathers. The *canto hondo*, the *seguidilla*, and the superficial gaiety of the Andalusians will hardly set us on fire to-day. All this sentimental enthusiasm about the south bores and depresses us.

The wonderful, profound secret of Andalusia lies far below the bright exterior its inhabitants display to credulous tourists. Unlike the Castilians and the Basques, the Andalusians enjoy putting on a show for foreigners, and they go so far that visitors to a city like Seville cannot avoid the impression that all the inhabitants are engaged in a beautiful ballet entitled 'Sevilla.' This inclination of the Andalusians to show off and behave like actors betrays a surprising collective narcissism. In order to imitate one's self one must be able to witness one's own performance, and no one can do that who is not used to watching and observing himself and reveling in his own aspect and personality. Although this often leads to the painful result of making the Andalusians look affected it also shows that they belong to a race better qualified than any other to understand and see through itself. Perhaps there is no other people in the world with such a clear conception of its own character and style. Thanks to this quality the Andalusian has no difficulty in remaining unchanged against the setting of a thousand years, in remaining true to his destiny and preserving his original culture.

II

To understand the Andalusian soul it is essential to remember its age. Never forget that the Andalusians are perhaps the oldest Mediterranean people, older than the Greeks or Romans. There are many indications that, before the wind of Egypt's historical influence blew westward across the Mediterranean, another wind had blown from the opposite direction. The oldest stream of culture of which we have knowledge set out from our coast, skirted Libya, and then moved on to the Orient.

When we regard the charming, rather feminine manner of the Andalusians we should never forget that

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they have maintained the same attitude for many thousands of years and that neither time nor catastrophe has been able to rob them of their gentle charm. When we observe their graceful bearing in this spirit we see that it contains a dark, secret meaning that makes us shudder. It reminds us of the mysterious smile of the Chinese, that other ancient people who occupy the easternmost strand of the Eurasian continent

Andalusia, which never showed any desire for independence and never strove to be an independent state, possesses the most definite culture of any Spanish land. Culture I define as the totality of meaningful, harmonious, and practically effective attitudes toward life. Life is above all else a collection of essential problems, and culture is the body of solutions with which man answers them. Since many solutions are possible there have been and still are many different cultures. What never did exist is absolute culture, that is, a culture that resists all assaults victoriously. The cultures that we find in the past and the present are more or less incomplete. It is possible to range them in a certain order, but no one of them is free from error, inadequacy, and prejudice. The one real culture is merely an ideal that can be defined, like Aristotle's metaphysics or pure science, as 'that which is sought.'

It is remarkable how each positive culture solves a certain number of vital questions by abandoning other questions. Thus it turns its shortcomings into virtues and achieves a lesser or a greater degree of success by cheerfully acknowledging its fragmentary character. We shall see presently how Andalusian culture lives on because of a heroic amputation, the amputation of heroism itself from life, another respect in which it resembles the culture of China.

Both have the same roots, and these are not metaphorical but, like all real roots, are sunk deep in the soil. Both are agricultural cultures. When you travel through Castile your eyes light from time to time on a peasant tilling his fields, bending over his furrow with his span of horses in front of him, standing out enormously against the round horizon. Yet modern Castilian culture is not a peasant culture, it is only 'agri-culture,' in other words, what remains when real culture has vanished. Castilian culture was martial. The warrior lived on the land but not off the land, either materially or spiritually. To him the field was a field of battle. He either burned the harvest of the peaceful farmer or requisitioned it for his soldiers and horses. His castle, clinging to a rocky crag, was not a homestead in which to abide but an eagle's nest from which to sally forth for prey and in which to rest when tired. The life of the warrior is not sedentary but active. Roving, restless, he despises the peasant and regards him as an inferior form of life precisely because the peasant does not move, because he remains, *manet*,—hence the French word '*manant*,'—because he is imprisoned in his village. The contemptuous inflection given to the words 'rustic' and 'peasant' expresses a sense of superiority. It reveals the hostility between two cultures, both originating from the soil but possessing different characters, the military and the agricultural. When the warrior left Castile only his inferiors remained behind, those on whom he had

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lived, the eternal land worker without character or style who is the same everywhere.

III

Out of this contrast emerges clearly the positive, creative meaning I give the word when I speak of Andalusian culture as being 'rustic.' Its peculiarity does not reside in the fact that man lives off the field but that the culture of the field is taken as the guiding principle for the culture of man. Andalusia, the antithesis of Castile, always despised the soldier and admired the farmer, the *manant*, the lord of the manor. It is just like China, where for thousands of years the soldier has always been regarded as an inferior simply because he was a soldier. In the West, the sword of the ruler was the highest symbol of the state, whereas China regarded the fan of the emperor as the symbol of the nation.

This contempt for war explains why Andalusia has played so small a part in the bloody history of the world. The fact is so fundamental, so permanent that it has never been noticed—it was too clear. What rôle did Andalusia play in military history? The same as China. Every two or three hundred years military hordes broke into China from the bleak steppes of Asia. They overran the nation and it offered virtually no resistance. The Chinese let themselves be conquered by anyone who chose to conquer them. They met rough assaults with their own gentleness. Their tactics are the tactics of the cushion: they give in. Hence the wild aggressor encounters no opposition to meet his force and he sinks into the wonderful softness of Chinese life as into a cushion. The result is that the turbulent Manchus and Mongols yielded within two or three generations to the mild, old, refined Chinese way of life. They threw away their swords and took up the fan instead.

In like manner Andalusia has fallen victim to the power of every militant Mediterranean nation, always within twenty-four hours and without making the least attempt at resistance. Its tactics were always to yield and be weak, but its own sweetness finally prevailed over the raw courage of the invader. The olive tree is the symbol of peace and the norm and beginning of culture.

Andalusia is an extraordinarily rich and fertile country that brings forth splendid harvests with a small amount of labor. Moreover, the climate is so mild that man needs very little more than the fruits of the earth to enjoy life. Just like the plants, men live chiefly off the earth, and the warm air and health-giving sunshine satisfy the rest of their needs. If the Andalusian wanted something more than a bare living, if he were tempted by adventure and energetic activities, he would have to eat better, even though he lived in Andalusia, and that would mean a greater expenditure of energy on his part. But if he were to follow that course his life would assume a direction contrary to the prevailing Andalusian current. As long as we believe that we have said the last word about the Andalusian when we accuse him of laziness we are unworthy to penetrate the secret subtleties of his soul and culture.

'Laziness' is an easy word to say, but the Andalusian has been lazy for four thousand years and it has not hurt him. Instead of looking at the

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question from a pedantic schoolmaster's point of view and characterizing an ancient people as 'lazy' as if we were writing out a school report card, let us rather sharpen our eyes and wits to understand this people properly. Otherwise we run the danger of blindly worshiping laziness, since it has made possible the smooth security of Andalusian life.

The renowned indolence of the Andalusian is the form and formula of his culture. As I have already said, culture means simply the statement of the equation by which we seek to solve the problem of life. But the problem of life can be raised in two different ways. If we want to give life a maximum of intensity, the equation will involve a maximum expense of energy on our part. On the other hand, if we want to limit the vital problem at the start and try for a *vita minima*, we shall arrive, with the least possible effort, at a solution that is not nearly as complex as the equations devised by more ambitious people. That is the case with the Andalusian. His solution is profound and sensible. Instead of increasing what he must have, he decreases what he must do. Instead of struggling to live, he lives in order not to struggle and makes the avoidance of effort the principle of his existence.

It would be a mistake to conclude that the Sevillan does not live the life of a Londoner simply because he is incapable of working so hard. He would undoubtedly refuse such a way of life even if it involved no work and fell from the heavens like a miraculous gift. Laziness may, incidentally, be a defect and a handicap of the Andalusian but it is not primarily a defect and a handicap. It is simply his ideal of life. That is the paradox that everyone must grasp who attempts to understand Andalusia—that laziness is an ideal and a style of culture. If you substitute for the word 'laziness' its equivalent, 'the least possible effort,' you do not transform the meaning and you gain a more just point of view.

IV

We are now in the midst of an historic epoch that, more than any other, has made the greatest possible effort its ideal of life, and it is hard for us to understand an attitude toward life so different from our own. We automatically regard laziness as renunciation and futility. But let us not exaggerate the Andalusian's laziness. He has always done all that was necessary, for Andalusia indeed exists, and its lassitude does not exclude labor completely. Rather does it determine the exact form and meaning that labor takes. Its labor is saturated with laziness, and laziness is its aim. It tries to amount to as little as possible, as if it were ashamed of itself. This quality becomes especially clear when we turn our eyes to nations that make labor their ideal.

Finally, as Friedrich Schlegel has said, laziness is the only good thing that has remained with us from paradise, and Andalusia is the only Western nation that has remained true to an ideal of life worthy of paradise. Such loyalty would have been impossible if the countryside in which the Andalusian lives had not encouraged just this style of living. But I am not falling back on the trivial point of view that interprets a culture as the automatic consequence of its surrounding world.

The light and color of Andalusia

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exercise a tremendous charm on the northerner, driving him nearly mad. Hence he assumes that the Andalusians would also go mad if they were not afflicted with laziness. He imagines that they are seething with life and as he sees the Sevillan girls go by with eyes black as night he imagines that a tremendous glow of wonderful passion must be burning in their souls. This is a great mistake. He does not notice that the Andalusian exploits the advantages of his environment in an inverse way. The Andalusians possess a minimum of vitality, only as much as naturally grows out of the sunshine and fruitful soil. They take as peaceful an attitude as possible toward their surroundings and live like vegetables, imbedded in the wondrous atmosphere of their country.

Life in paradise is primarily a vegetable existence. Paradise is known as a garden. Plant life differs from animal life in that plants do not respond actively to their environment but take a passive attitude toward it. Through their roots they receive nourishment from the earth, and their leaves drink in the sun and wind. They do nothing. Life to a plant means receiving one's sustenance from without and being content. To the little green sprout the sun represents nourishment and the delights of love rolled into one, but the animal distinguishes between nourishment and pleasure. He must assert himself to get food and then must seek his pleasure through other functions. The farther north we go the more we see these two sides of life separated. The way Englishmen and Germans work seems to the Andalusian just as crazy as the way they amuse themselves, both being immoderate and mutually independent. He, for his part, wishes to work little and enjoy himself moderately, doing both at the same time. He combines the two activities in a single life gesture that is accomplished gently like an eternal *adagio cantabile*, without fits and starts. In Andalusia the atmosphere of Sunday spreads over the whole week and fills the working days with festivity and golden rest. But, on the other hand, Sunday is less exclusively a holiday. It is more like Monday or Wednesday than is the case in the north. Only to the hyperborean foreigner does Seville seem indolent. To the natives life is always something of a holiday but never a complete one.

When our eyes rest on Andalusia they are blinded and seem to be looking at a spectacle of intoxicated zest for living. But let us wait a bit and let this superficial impression disappear. Then we shall discover that every form of intoxication is excluded from Andalusian life, which is characterized by the delicate balance that it strikes between pain and pleasure.

What seems important to the Andalusian is the gentle rhythm of life, the succession of tiny little pleasures that one can extract throughout all one's existence by remaining on a pleasant level without heights or depths. Paradise has no room for passionate moments of deep pleasure followed by hours of emptiness and bitterness. The plant, that emblem of paradise, enjoys itself moderately but without pause. It enjoys letting its leaves be caressed by the warmth of the sun, letting its branches bend to the soft wind, letting its roots be quickened by the rain. It may seem incredible to northern countries, but there do exist in this corner of the

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planet human beings to whom the pleasure of a soft, bright sky represents the sweetest of comforts. One cannot describe how much pleasure the Andalusian derives from his climate, his sky, his blue dawns, his golden twilights. His joys are not inward, intellectual, and related to historical conceptions. The only abstract ideas he has assimilated are those that the spirit of the time most urgently requires of him, and the roots of his life still remain in the original, secure, enduring loveliness of Andalusian nature. The Andalusian has a plantlike feeling for life. He lives chiefly through his skin. He conceives of good and evil as tactile values. Anything soft is good. Anything rough is bad. To him the atmosphere is a real, eternal festival. It permeates his whole life and gives to everything that he does a warm, gentle charm. It is, in a word, a symbol of his way of living. The Andalusian has modeled his culture on his atmosphere.

V

I hope that I make myself understood. I do not mean to accuse the Andalusian of vegetating. My idea is that his culture and hence his spiritual activity emphasize and embellish the vegetative side of life. Among the many slight indications of this fact is the feeling Andalusians have for plants of all kinds, both useful and ornamental, for vines and flowers. He tends the olive tree and the flower bed as well.

Social researchers investigating the question of nourishment have told us time and again that the Andalusian peasant eats almost nothing and lives on dry bread and onions. The fact is undeniable, but the observation is false none the less because it is incomplete. One would come closer to the truth if one added that in Andalusia everybody eats badly, not only the poor. Andalusian cooking is the most careless, primitive, and monotonous in all of Spain. A Basque day laborer eats more and better food than a rich man in Córdoba or Jaén. Here, too, the Andalusian imitates the plant. He nourishes himself without eating. He lives because the heaven and earth encompass him. So does the Chinese.

The Andalusians are bound to and identified with their soil in a different and more essential way than any other people. To the Andalusian his land and air are the most important aspects of his country. The race to which he belongs comes next. He regards himself as a factor of secondary importance, as merely someone who makes a living out of this splendid country. And if the Andalusians regard themselves as a chosen people it is for this reason and not because they think they possess any special human faculties. Every Andalusian possesses the burning conviction that to be an Andalusian is an immense piece of good fortune that has been conferred on him. Just as the Jews believe that they occupy a place of their own among the nations of the earth because God promised them a land flowing with milk and honey, so the Andalusian regards himself as favored because God without any previous promises set him down in the loveliest part of the world. The Andalusians are not a people to whom a land has been promised, but a people to whom a land has been given. They are the sons of Adam to whom paradise has been returned.

We linger over this remarkable en-

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thusiasm of the Andalusian for his country because it is the most important element in the Andalusian soul. And observe, too, how my characterization of Andalusian culture as a peasant culture is beginning to acquire positive meaning. The connection between man and the earth is more than a simple fact here. It amounts to a spiritual relationship. It possesses an ideal character and almost becomes a myth. The Andalusian not only lives from the soil in the material sense, as all other people do, but lives off it as if it were an idea or even an ideal. The Galician is gloomy and sad abroad. The Asturians and the Basques yearn for their narrow, damp valleys. But their connection with mother earth is blind, physical, without spiritual meaning. The Andalusian, on the other hand, does not feel a mechanical sense of absence when he is far from home. Living in Andalusia is to him a conscious ideal. Whereas the Galician remains a Galician even outside of Galicia the Andalusian ceases to be an Andalusian when he leaves his native land; his character fades and vanishes. For only when he lives in conjunction with the Andalusian soil, only when he responds to the beauty of Andalusian nature, only when he can feel the inspiration of its atmosphere is the Andalusian himself.

This ideal, the ideal of the Andalusian soil, seems to us northerners too simple, primitive, vegetative, and poor. Granted. But it is so fundamental and elementary, so much more profound than everything else, that the rest of life, when it stands on this foundation, possesses an ideal imprint from the start. Hence all Andalusian existence, especially that of the most wretched day laborer, who is so hungry and spiritless in other nations, possesses a marvelous sovereign dignity. Other nations may lay store on the higher values; the Andalusians possess admirable basic values in the form of spontaneous customs and natural usage. But there is another side to the picture. This nation, to which the vegetative life has become more of an ideal than it has to any other nation, possesses almost no other ideal beyond this. Outside his daily life the Andalusian is the worst idealist that I know.

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Writing for a special 'English Number' of the *Literarische Welt*, two German critics describe the social and literary changes that they have watched Great Britain undergo in recent years.

English Fact *and* Fiction

TWO GERMAN CRITICS

Translated from the *Literarische Welt*
Berlin Literary Weekly

I. ENGLAND, SYMBOL OF CAPITALISM

By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG

THE most important day in English history since the end of the War occurred a year ago last September, when the country left the gold standard. Although, so far as the immediate results go, it may soon seem as if the English pound had never ceased to be exchangeable for gold, the 21st of September, 1931, remains nevertheless a fatal date of the first importance. The abandonment of the gold standard marked the end of a tremendous movement to transform England into a kind of independent continent. There was something both impressive and arrogant about this movement. It came as a result of the War, which was mercilessly liquidated in such a way that every Englishman wanted to be by himself as soon as possible. Fear of becoming involved again in the stormy developments of Europe entered the blood of every Englishman. He took flight from the shattered confines of Europe into his own half-imaginary, half-real Empire, and hoped in this way to escape, at least for a while and perhaps permanently, from the destiny that threatened all mankind. It was a kind of negative imperialism, mingled with a desire to leave the rest of the world to its fate. But now the English have come to the end of their rope, and England to-day belongs to our continent more than ever and shares our cares and catastrophes.

The element that desired independ-

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ence did so because of England's greatness. This greatness suffered a defeat that not only was important to the English but gave all of us food for thought. England's greatness was more than a combination of power and profit; it was an attitude. For what is the ultimate greatness of any people except the capacity to protect its interests without coming into conflict with the ideals of the epoch? England not only signifies something in itself but also stands for the powerful, though not entirely noble aspects of capitalism. England is defending the bourgeois form of life in its highest form in Europe, but its defense is becoming weaker every day. England has lost a great deal of its power. It has not only ceased to be the financial centre of the world, it has not only relinquished its maritime predominance, it has not only abandoned real control of its world Empire; it has also lost the power to maintain its standard of living, which is the foundation of all bourgeois European civilization.

The comical figure of the Englishman sitting down alone to dinner in the jungle dressed in evening clothes has a deep significance. The ability to maintain a social custom without reference to one's fellow human beings but as the execution of some divine command transforms this custom into a real achievement. In a world of growing collectivism, in a world in which the individual is occupying less and less space, in which uniformity is becoming more and more widespread, France and England are performing very special functions. France defends humanity and the right of the individual to personal happiness. England is working for the upper class and is trying to make the life style of the upper class into a universal ideal. During the last generation it has pursued this task with great success and has succeeded in having its upper class stand incontrovertibly for the authentic civilization of the country.

And have n't other countries, too, taken the English upper class as their model? Has n't the improved standard of living in most nations followed English leadership? Have not sport, week-ends, country life, and conviviality been exported from England, or at least been based on English models? One might say that England has developed what is culturally most convincing in capitalism. That is why the proletarian masses in England accepted the customs of the 'better people' more completely than in any other country. In England owners of property lived comfortably and in keeping with their circumstances, but their comforts and even their luxuries were never challenged, whereas the upper class in other countries either remained impotent, as it did in France, or even bewildered, as in Germany.

When the Englishman clung to his customary standards because he felt that he was standing out against the vulgarization or corruption of bourgeois life, he was perhaps not mistaken. The important thing is not that he clung to his comforts but that he was trying to defend a special kind of human value that expressed itself in ease and correctness. The development of the liberal idea of progress leads to an upper-class paradise. High above the formless masses dwells a world of capable people into which anybody can rise who has the necessary capacities. That the individual can develop these capacities is the indication of democratic society. No

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German still believes in such a hierarchy because no German can imagine what this world of capable people looks like, but the English have a clear conception of it. All classes know every detail of this world. The idea of free development cannot exist if nobody knows the world to which this development is to lead. It is not enough for certain values to exist. There must also be definite and attractive forms. The harmony that has prevailed up to now throughout the whole English people was based on the acceptance of certain forms that capitalism not only made possible but even justified. Something has been lost that cannot be described as a mere decline in the standard of living. Here is England's real crisis.

But it is only a part of the crisis of our whole world order. When Winston Churchill told the House of Commons that the destruction of the world economic system would lead straight to barbarism, being an Englishman he did not mean by barbarism merely the impoverishment of human life, but something contrary to the English style of life, which consists of a maximum of lovely artificiality in the closest contact with nature. An English Simmel could easily write a philosophy of the golf course, since golf brings human play and the natural landscape into the closest connection and thus symbolizes the old English way of living. There is no social setting in England except the four walls of a house on the one hand and the outdoors on the other. This simultaneously limited and unlimited setting includes the whole of English existence, which is as remote from barbarism as the golf course in Effingham is remote from the Brazilian jungle, or as a seat by a coal fire is remote from community cooking.

To the Englishman barbarism begins where cleanliness and comfort end, though of course he does not think of the London slums in this connection. But barbarism also begins where the rhythm of work and leisure is disturbed and the privacy of personal existence destroyed. Soviet Russia seems to him like the summit of barbarism, although no national community in the world has attacked nature so consciously and decisively as the Soviet Union is doing every day, with great success. If any country is living up to the classical conception of civilization it is the country of the Five-Year Plan, which only goes to show that England has passed beyond this conception. It made its peace with nature long ago and is now concerned only with teaching younger nations the art of life. But the English way of life costs money. It has sprouted from the soil of national wealth and presupposes active foreign trade and the service of colored peoples. But the soil is exhausted and the presuppositions have collapsed. The standard of living is sinking, and it is sinking as a direct consequence of technical developments that were originally supposed to lead in the opposite direction.

During how many generations has this English standard of living been the ideal of the possessing classes? A patriarchal and comfortable wisdom confined the realization of this ideal to a small group, though theoretically anyone could achieve it. But how are these 'better people' going to live when this ideal vanishes? Or will there be no such people? They seem to be declining in numbers and importance, and, above all, they do not seem to be

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able to create universally valid forms of life. Such life forms cost money, and to establish them is an expensive pleasure. For whoever attempts to do so lives far beyond his means. The luxuries of the English middle class will become more and more limited as the distance between what it wants and what it can get increases. There is not enough demand for bright cloth for evening dresses to keep a single textile factory going.

Every evening hundreds of thousands of people with small incomes play at being members of the upper class, and evening by evening the game becomes more difficult, the settings more shabby, the costumes poorer. The same people could perfectly well get through the evening with what money they have, but they prefer to pay for a social carnival with the sweat of their brows. It would be unspeakably difficult for them to lower their standard of living, not because their standard includes certain absolute necessities, but because to abandon it would remove them further and further from the upper class. We are therefore witnessing the caricature of a struggle that is ultimately noble, a struggle between the life style of bourgeois civilization and the powers of impoverishment and decay. England's special rôle in our period consists in fighting this battle, and it is an important sign of the times that England is performing its part with constantly declining powers and constantly declining conviction.

II. England's Post-War Novelists

By Paul Cohen-Portheim

From its beginnings the English novel has reflected, more clearly than the novels of any other country, the social structure in which it originated, or to put it differently, English society is more vividly revealed in the English novel than the society of any other country is revealed in its fiction. This is due to the fact that English society possesses clear-cut features and is much more unified than the society of a nation like Germany. It was therefore easier to investigate and describe; the individual had more universal significance. The result is that the Englishman, as a rule, is not much of a psychologist and has little interest in keen psychological investigation. He is much too instinctive and anti-intellectual.

In Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett we find a veritable portrait of the British society of their time, and the novels of the Victorian epoch depict the social life of that period even more brilliantly. Dickens and Thackeray are both descriptive artists, but they are primarily social critics, and this is a truly English characteristic. Before the War many foreign critics attacked English literature, but if Dickens were writing to-day he would be highly praised for his attacks on social injustice. At least he would be praised outside of England, for England, which always seems to follow a different course from the Continental nations, does not at the moment show the faintest interest in novels of social criticism.

This is a significant trait. Nearly all the great writers of the pre-war

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generation described and criticized the social scene at a time when Continental literature, generally speaking, was entirely immersed in æsthetic problems. In the works of Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and Shaw we find a complete picture of pre-war society, of the life of a whole generation except —and this is characteristically English—the life of the proletariat, which did not even interest socialists like Wells and Shaw.

Galsworthy was the most exact and purely descriptive writer and, as D. H. Lawrence said, his success in Germany was due chiefly to his descriptive skill. He wrote a kind of social Baedeker explaining exactly how the English upper middle class of 1910 lived, acted, and dressed. Wells is really much more interesting, and his early books, such as *Kipps* and *Tono Bungay*, give valuable, human, and sensitive descriptions of ordinary petty-bourgeois people and their perplexities. Bennett, chiefly in his early work, specialized in describing certain puritanical, provincial circles of which London knew nothing. Shaw criticized the middle class and its prejudices, but his point of view was so exclusively critical and so devoid of sympathy that his attacks on old-fashioned prejudices possess hardly any interest to-day. Perhaps posterity will return to them to find a picture of the society of his time.

After the War, social criticism appeared in its sharpest form in France and Germany, especially in the German novel. But in England nothing of the sort occurred. Literature, on the contrary, became strongly individualistic. England is the leading industrial country, but its industrial activities have hardly been reflected at all in its literature and art. Amazing as it may seem, industry, machinery, and the proletariat have interested Englishmen only from the economic point of view. The truth is that the English have an attitude of their own toward labor. They regard it as a necessary evil, but it does not touch them deeply. The Englishman does not regard his factory or his office life as unspeakably painful, and for that reason there is no literature of misery. But he is equally disinclined to go into ecstasies over mass production or to proclaim the glories of technical achievement. The things that he finds beautiful are the country, gardens, animals, and, above all else, football matches. The rest belongs to business. From literature, in so far as it interests him at all, and it often does not, he demands something quite different, a world of fantasy into which he can escape.

I believe that post-war English literature can best be characterized in a few words by saying that it expresses this widespread desire for a world of fantasy. It contains great talent, but none of it has been devoted to social description or to criticism. Posterity will not be able to visualize English society of the past twenty years from the English novels of that period, for no such novels have been written. Remember that English society changes slowly but incessantly, and that to-day there is no longer any sharply defined *milieu*. The less revolutionary the change is, the more uncertain are the contours. Nothing remains as it was before, but nothing has been radically altered.

The modern English novel is therefore more individualistic, more psychological, and much more skeptical

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than the pre-war novel. There are no revolutionary dreams of human felicity and there is no enthusiasm about the new era. The novel has merely turned away from social, economic, and political problems. It cannot get anything out of them. The War discredited the pre-war generation. One cannot describe it; one can only despise it, as Richard Aldington did in the *Death of a Hero* or as Osbert Sitwell did in *Before the Bombardment*. The post-war generation regards the War as completely senseless and considers the Russian Revolution a failure.

The English are turning their backs on everything. They think the world is atrocious. But since they are English they respond with a humor that is often bitter, but never with *Weltschmerz*. Since the novel must describe some form of society it seeks out the most grotesque, incredible, crazy, social groups and makes fun of them. That is the dominant thought in the best post-war novels and the spirit that one finds in the work of Norman Douglas, Aldous Huxley, William Gerhardi, Evelyn Waugh, and others. Gerhardi depicts a mad caravan of marionettes in Harbin and Mukden. The others are more inclined to be satisfied with a week-end in the country or an international hotel for a setting, but they always depict an utterly aimless group of people drawn together quite by chance, people who have nothing to do with normal and oh, so depressing modern life and are quite untroubled by its problems.

In so far as these books can be called social descriptions at all, they describe a kind of golden youth, though the golden youths are of different ages and cannot take anything seriously, not even death itself, because they are determined not to do so. If one of these writers abandons this rôle, as Huxley has done in his later work, and takes the world tragically, he leaves a painful impression because his world has no reality. Perhaps the most amusing, light-hearted representatives of this new Boccaccio literature are those two young authors, Evelyn Waugh and Nancy Mitford.

Of course, there are exceptions. For one thing, there are the excellent war novels, but these are not descriptions of society. Then there are some extremely subtle psychologists, like Virginia Woolf, Stella Benson, and Edward Sackville-West, although they do not describe modern society any more than Rainer Maria Rilke described the society in which he lived. For modern English society lives in the modern English novel only in fantastic caricature.

I cannot close without recording my conviction that a new era has begun in England. The post-war period is ended and it already seems unreal. It was a period during which England let things take their course. Now it is over and with it has disappeared everything modern as I have described it here. The representatives of this modernity have now gone out of style, and their admirers do not seem to know which way to turn. The country is on the eve of a period of national reaction. The modern was cosmopolitan. To-day people are very consciously English and are shutting out foreign influences. Protective tariffs, Empire coöperation, and the National Government are the order of the day. Where the road leads nobody knows, but one feels that a new turn has been taken, and one feels this in literature, too.

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Persons and Personages

The Work of Paul Claudel

By Henri Peyre

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris Literary Monthly

Some exciting literary questionnaires and a younger generation impatient to assert itself have lately proclaimed that the post-war period is over and have begun to bury it. They tell us that the search for sensation, imaginative debauches, lyrical analysis, disorder, and speed are going to give way to a more serene, ripe, finished art. The sole survivors of a shipwrecked generation will be certain masters who were known if not celebrated before 1914. The name of Paul Claudel has rarely been mentioned during these heated controversies. No doubt he is included in the general condemnation of disorder and excess.

The work of Paul Claudel always seemed to me to present one of the most striking examples of the eternal failure of critics to understand their contemporaries. Not that Claudel is ignored; he is so much recognized and accepted as a force that people fail to discuss and read him. But his admirers and detractors agree that he is an imaginative, brutal, romantic, disheveled genius, a primitive or pseudo-primitive, a kind of Christian Æschylus whose books incarnate exuberance and exaggeration. Such a man is a ready-made target for professorial criticism. Pierre Lasserre, a sympathetic, liberal spirit who wrote what was almost a great book on Renan but who does not deserve to be called clear-sighted, dismissed Claudel as an admirer of Rimbaud, a renegade from reason and ancient tradition. More subtle spirits who are often well disposed to Claudel, men like Henri Massis, Daniel Halévy, and P. de Tonquédec, shake their heads sadly over what they call his defiance of logic and order. Braver men, such as Georges Duhamel and Jacques Rivière, glory in Claudel's irrational disorder and joyfully praise his odes and dramas for pursuing their way 'without preconceived continuity and without logical development.'

Thus Claudel has become an enigma. The public appreciates the sublime, seething imagination, the active, obscure lyricism, the burning mysticism of a poet who is the most devout of Catholics, the most peaceful of fathers of families, the most lucid and practical of ambassadors. And the public, which likes clear-cut situations and definitely established forms, concludes that a man who is so straightforward in his diplomatic work and so obscure in his literary work is mocking it.

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Historians of the next century will study the diplomatic correspondence of Ambassador Claudel, and even to-day anyone who read this material without knowing Claudel's literary work would at once recognize him as a man of superior intelligence. Despite his bizarre touches, his half-successes, and his failures, which are hardly surprising in a man who has written twenty-five or thirty books, Claudel is one of the most cultivated, solid, and wise spirits of our time. This poet and dramatist is at the same time a remarkable critic, a professor capable of dealing competently and penetratingly with such varied subjects as Japanese, Greek, Italian, and English literature, architecture, philosophy, the opera, and the cinema. What a strange fate it is for such a critic to be ignored by universities and professional critics, for a Catholic poet to be looked upon defiantly by other Catholics, for an ambassador of France and a great writer to be rejected by jealous guardians of the French tradition.

Our critics, who are often former professors and always old scholars, love to find books which they think possess a rigid framework, like the works of Livy or Bossuet. Nothing equals their joy when they finally discover a rigorous secret architecture in a book that was originally admired for its disorder. In our own time, Baudelaire and Proust have fallen victim to these seekers for a plan, who wish to show that *Fleurs du mal* and *La Recherche du temps perdu* are just as well composed as a tragedy by Racine or a meditation by Lamartine in order that they may attach these books victoriously to the great French tradition. What a sovereign title of glory Marcel Proust won because he foresaw, twelve volumes in advance, that Robert de Saint-Loup would marry Gilberte Swann. What mastery it was to begin Volume One with the word '*longtemps*' and then close Volume Fifteen with the word '*temps*.'

NOW IN THE FIRST of his *Grandes Odes* Claudel was so bold as to exclaim: 'O my soul, one must not draw up any plan.' On entering literary life he also boldly smiled at Anatole France and Sully-Prudhomme at a time when it was not good tone to do so. Did n't he rail at professors, members of the Academy, men of letters who regarded poor Verlaine as an inoffensive drunkard, a picturesque, eccentric character? 'The Archon-Despérouses Prize is not for him, nor is the esteem of M. de Montyon, who dwells in the skies. As for money, there cannot be too much of it for the professors who later will give courses on him and who are all decorated by the Legion of Honor.'

The author of *La Tête d'or* and *La jeune fille Violaine* therefore appeared as a rebel. One did not need the penetration of a Sainte-Beuve to discern behind his apparent violence a profound love and delicate sense of order. Far from being written haphazardly, Claudel's dramas are

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perhaps too well composed. The poet develops some abstract idea barely concealed behind the characters who illustrate it. He advances regularly through intentional digressions, each day adding a few pages that had all been foreseen in his rough draft. 'When I begin writing, my plan is already made, and I add every day some lines to the lines written the day before,' Claudel declared to Frédéric Lefèvre in 1925.

Racine, we remember, proceeded in the same way, but his linear, progressive composition, like Shakespeare's in *Othello*, for instance, is merely one of the elements of a larger, more subtle unity that gives the book its general color and tone. Certain words are repeated at regular intervals, certain poetic or mythological evocations recur like musical phrases in a symphony to haunt our memory and imagination. It is this secret unity, more implied than imposed, this subtle order springing from apparent disorder, that Claudel's less effective dramas lack, rather than studied composition.

If Claudel is a conscious artist rather than the wild genius that he is supposed to be, he is also an abstract philosopher, an ardent dialectician skilled in handling ideas, and at the same time a poet devoted to images and concrete impressions. I am not even thinking of his *Art poétique* and his *Traité de la connaissance du temps*, which are metaphysical, sometimes humorous dramatic efforts. Turn instead to *La Connaissance de l'Est*, Claudel's masterpiece in the Mallarmé manner. On every page Claudel is interrogating the mysterious Orient, more eager to learn and explain than to describe and charm. A professor of languages like André Thérive cannot understand why a book that he would have called *Travels in the Orient* should have been entitled *Knowledge of the East*, but he must have read these prose poems very hastily and badly to have wanted to call them *Voyages en Orient*.

Claudel is poles apart from Chateaubriand and Loti. He does not paint the color and forms of objects. He questions them as Mallarmé did, asking, 'What does it want to say?' And he replies more clearly than Mallarmé. He explains as a physiologist what the brain means to him. As a botanist-philosopher he discovers and reveals the secret of the cocoa palm and the pine tree. As a professorial disciple of Descartes, who was devoted to clear, distinct ideas, he makes us understand the difference between European and Oriental art. The whole book reveals Claudel as a didactic poet, but a superior one who thinks for himself and does not put other people's theories into verse. He is a Virgil or a Lucretius, not a Delille nor yet a Baudelaire.

This same clear, critical intelligence explains other features and no doubt most of the limitations of Claudel's work. His long sojourns outside Europe, his profound knowledge of foreign civilizations and literatures have enabled the poet-ambassador to look at the works of his

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compatriots more objectively than the traditional French writer, whose horizon rarely extends beyond the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Claudel revolted against this malicious narrowness, this preoccupation with form that French tradition and Parisian ways have imposed on our orthodox writers. Perhaps with sheer bravado and certainly with sure, concentrated decision, he has accentuated in his books a freedom and a foreignness that are more superficial than real. He has intentionally accentuated romanticism, and some of his books have failed on that account. This is too bad, for Claudel's best books are precisely those in which, without sacrificing his rich psychological observation, his intense religious life, and his throbbing spontaneousness, he has voluntarily adopted a more narrow form, a more severe reality, as in *La Connaissance de l'Est*, *Le Partage de Midi*, and *La Cantate à trois voix*.

TOO OFTEN in his other books the very liberty that Claudel permits himself in defiance of strict literary canons has opened the floodgates and released a flow of didactics and oratory. The gift of understanding and explaining that he possesses to a high degree tends to destroy his gift of expression and evocation. In his odes, in his poem on Dante, we witness a laboring intelligence that is searching itself, elaborating itself with prosaic slowness, forcing itself to achieve internal communication on every level, but that does not always succeed in making the reader share its hasty image. Claudel, who has analyzed poetic creation so beautifully in his parable of *animus* and *anima*, often forgets to still the *animus* within him, the reasoning, didactic spirit, and give the divine *anima* a chance to sing. Too often he reminds us of the pedestrian progress of Péguy rather than of the splendid condensation of Keats.

Claudel's rare clear-sightedness, his subtle intelligence, places him in the first rank of those eminently French creative writers who are also our best critics. It would be an injustice to this ardent Catholic to consider him a man of letters, a type that is detested by the missionary and man of action who dwell within him. His religious faith has saved him from that harried speculation peculiar to a certain *fin de siècle* kind of symbolism that regards the whole universe as culminating in the creation of a book. To take a purely practical point of view, one might suggest that religion in this respect is very salutary to a writer in that it prevents him from exaggerating the importance of literature, at the same time inspiring the scholar with a modest defiance by reminding him that the ultimate reality can be grasped only by faith and escapes all his tests and experiments.

But did not Claudel himself remark that every writer contains within himself a critic who discerns, eliminates, and selects as a sculptor

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does before modeling the statue that he has dreamed of, first of all chiseling away the useless portions of the marble? The gifts that I have mentioned in Claudel, his penetration and the depth of his intelligence, the robust solitude of his spirit, his scrupulous clarity, his fondness for didactical expression, have made him a remarkable lecturer and one of our most eminent critics. His taste and judgment reveal the real character of his misunderstood and misinterpreted talent.

Nothing could be more Latin, more purely French than this man whom people have tried to label as a mystic Nordic, a German or a Saxon by nature. He has the minute powers of observation, the patient, methodical diligence of the French peasant or artisan who loves his work. He has a knowledge of human beings that should arouse the envy of all professional national psychologists. Our ambassador in Washington has long been familiar with the English language and is by no means ignorant of Anglo-Saxon literature, but it is curious that the English writers he turned to were not the Elizabethans, not Coleridge, Keats, or Shelley, not Swinburne or Yeats. His taste did not lead him to the purest, the most imaginative, the most Nordic of the English poets. Claudel seems to have preferred English Catholic literature, which is often more Latin and nearer to our own—the prose of Newman and G. K. Chesterton, the poetry of Coventry Patmore, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, the Catholic, Francis Thompson, and the mystic, Blake, whom modern France has discovered rather late and therefore tends to overestimate.

A firmly established *cliché* compares Claudel to Æschylus. *Tête d'or*, written in his youth, is the only one of his dramas in which he is haunted by the memory of *Prometheus Bound*. His translations of Æschylus's trilogy prove that he felt directly, with a freshness of perception that disarmed traditional philology, the sombre, mysterious, Dionysiac side of Æschylus and of Greek art in general. Nor does Claudel resemble Æschylus only. He also recalls Euripides, the 'Greek Baudelaire.' His large comprehension and the originality of his criticism, which is based on solid knowledge, make Claudel resemble the Greeks. The intellectual subtlety of Plato, the metaphysical power of Aristotle attracted him. But, in my opinion, Claudel is more Latin or French seventeenth-century than Greek or Biblical. He is a less purely artistic Racine, a less vivid Pascal, a more subtle Bossuet, but a no less determined fighter or ardent reasoner. Claudel has not bestowed his highest praise on the English, the Germans, and the romantics in general. He likes best of all free Latin versification, the iambics of Catullus, Persius, Phaedrus, Tacitus, and Seneca, to whom he feels a curious attachment, and finally Virgil, his '*duce, signore, e maestro*,' 'the greatest genius that humanity has ever produced.'

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CLAUDEL'S SOLID GOOD SENSE, nourished by Latin culture, his serious depth, his professional knowledge as a writer have saved his criticism from the thousand forms of foolishness to which so many superior men have sunk because of fashion and a desire to appear brilliant. The grave honesty and calm, wise moderation of Claudel have appeared during some recent literary debates that have been afflicting the Paris public with an epidemic of madness.

Some of us may remember the endless, ephemeral discussions about pure poetry. Poe and his French interpreters persuaded modern readers that the long poems that our ancestors liked and that the great romantics tried to revive should be relegated to the past, that poetry, by definition, was a brief flash of lightning, that even the sonnet, in our era of hurry, must give place to the five-line *uta* or the three-line *haikai*. Claudel, who had read Virgil and Dante more carefully than he had read Poe, opportunely reminded us that the desire for successful grouping, harmonious construction, and the absorption of all one's senses were admirable virtues and rarer ones than technical virtuosity and the effect of surprise achieved by merely touching one's nerves. Our contemporaries have a selfish trick of using their sophisticated skill to raise our impotence and weakness into a universal rule.

The contribution Claudel made to the literary controversy originated by the Abbé Bremond contains the most penetrating and judicious words that were called forth by this exciting debate and they completely confirm the views that I have outlined here. Leaving the malicious Abbé to speculate on poetic flow and poetic prayer, Claudel clearly explained that the rôle of the intelligence is limited, of course, but primary. Confronted by the subtleties that this ecclesiastic member of the Academy had gathered together, the citations that he had borrowed from a thousand holy and lay authorities, and the compliments he had paid to a hundred tenth-rate critics, Claudel approached the question as a methodical thinker, a lucid analyst of confused ideas. A work of art, he declared, is 'the result of collaboration between the imagination and desire.' Inspiration is a complex state in which all the faculties combine in a supreme diapason of vigilance and attention. But taste is not lacking, nor is intelligence, which oversees, chooses, separates, distributes, and expands order, light, and proportion everywhere, so much so that 'from emotion emerges superior lucidity, not obscurity.'

Some years ago, in a magnificently wise tribute to Dante, Claudel defined the elements of great poetry in similar terms. Inspiration of course comes first, a divine current, if you like, exterior to the subject, but which must blow upon coals disposed to receive it. 'To this inspiration the subject must respond with exceptional natural forces controlled and administered by an intelligence that is at once bold, prudent, and

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subtle.' It is this intelligence in the large sense of the word, this taste and critical spirit, that were lacking in Victor Hugo and Seneca, and sometimes in Shakespeare, but never in Virgil or Racine.

A theorist who writes in this way is anything but a genius in a savage state, a wild, brutal mystic, an adversary of reason and balance, as some of his critics have claimed. I believe that the greatest critical error of our century and the most unjust one is the lack of understanding that journalists and professors have shown toward Claudel. To reject him for not being characteristically French, as Balzac and Rimbaud were once rejected, is to misunderstand the true nature of this analyst, this patient commentator, this robust, methodical intelligence, which is one of the finest of our time. If the generation of 1930 to 1940, whose work is so impatiently expected, wants to adopt a programme of order, modest wisdom, and work well done, it could not find among its immediate elders a better master than Claudel.

Vaihinger at Eighty

By Dr. Milo Blach

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

THERE are philosophers and professors of philosophy; the former are born, the latter made. 'All thinkers can be divided into two groups,' Schopenhauer said, 'those who think for themselves and those who think for others.' Vaihinger belongs to both categories. For that reason, the derogatory implication given by Schopenhauer to the words 'professor of philosophy' and 'philosophic teacher' when he described the masters of the 'philosophic profession' of his time cannot be applied here. Vaihinger would have refuted Schopenhauer's contention and shown that there can be professors of philosophy in the best sense of the word who are not mere teachers but free investigators and expounders of wisdom and truth.

Fate decreed that Vaihinger should long be known to us as a philosophy professor. Having a philosophic nature, he had to be a philosophy professor for decades. As the son of a Swabian clergyman, he was destined to study theology. But while studying in the Stuttgart gymnasium he became enamored of Herder's *Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Humanity*, which led him to believe in evolution and pantheism and to adopt the philosophic attitude of Plato and Schiller. Equipped with these convictions, he attended the University of Tübingen, from which Schelling, Hegel, Vischer, Zeller, and others had graduated. Mastering the doctrines of Kant and Schopenhauer, and greatly influenced by

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Darwin's theory of evolution, the young student first began developing what was later to become his 'as if' theory.

In a conversation with the physiology professor, Hüner, on the question of life force he praised the active doctrines of those who believed in *Sturm und Drang* and attacked the conventional point of view as outmoded and useless. The professor admitted the justice of Vaihinger's objections, but replied that even though his own ideas might be false and theoretically unsound they were useful from a practical point of view and, therefore, necessary. At this point a spark lit in the soul of the future 'as if' philosopher. From then on he had more and more respect for useful ideas. He collected examples from all the sciences, analyzed the language in which such ideas were phrased, and thus discovered the importance of fiction in human thought. He studied the intellectual images and deceptions that we encounter in school, such as when, in order to estimate the area of a circle, we treat it as if it were a polygon with innumerable sides. This is a logically impossible hypothesis, since a curved line can never be straight, but it is the only way we can reach a practical conclusion. Just as man invented tools and microscopes to extend and improve on what he could accomplish with his own hands and eyes, so our intellect creates for itself artificial conceptions, instruments of thought, and various fictions when we cannot come in contact with material directly.

Among these fictions Vaihinger included such fundamental scientific concepts as matter, the atom, gravity, natural law, space, eternity, and so on. We merely act as if all these concepts existed because only with their aid can we arrive at definite knowledge and results. These concepts and the sciences that employ them thus yield us no reality in the sense of absolute truth, but they are means to a practical end. Morality likewise loses its truth, for freedom, immortality, love, friendship, human virtue, are only practical fictions, intellectual pictures, life lies, ideas that make action possible.

MAN ACTS as if these ideas existed. All our knowledge is therefore fictitious and all our world of conceptions is an 'as if' world, theoretically worthless, practically valuable. It serves only to make action possible. 'To err is the condition of life . . . to recognize one's error does not remove it,' said Nietzsche. In the same sense, thought and all spiritual life rest on a biological basis, according to Vaihinger, and likewise according to Avenarius and Mach. Thought is a function of life, it is a means of maintaining life. Man is placed in a chaos of sensations—colors, sounds, tactile impressions, and so on—that rage about him. In order to act, that is, in order to function in the world of sensations, the human consciousness creates for itself those means that are known as

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conceptions and ideas. Thus thought is merely a means and life or action is the end; thought is never an end in itself. But, if we make it an end and believe that we have to discover some truth, we succumb to what Vaihinger once called 'the law of preferring the means to the end.'

Here are some of his aphorisms. 'Applicability in practice is the one measure of the validity of an intellectual conception.' 'Truth is only error with a purpose.' 'A desire to understand the world is not only impossible of fulfillment, it is also insane.' Many people are depressed by these ideas. Many others find they cannot give up believing that certain ideas that have been handed down to them are true. They consciously prefer to live in a world of delusion. 'Only a few,' says Vaihinger, 'only the elect can breathe this rarefied atmosphere. The great mass of mankind needs another, thicker air.'

Between 1867 and 1877 he outlined a philosophy based on the little words, 'as if,' but he did not reveal it until 1911. In the intervening period Vaihinger taught philosophy in Halle. That was the time when he was known as the renowned Kantian scholar who had been keen enough to discover a confusion of pages in Kant's *Prolegomena* that had escaped the notice of all students of the work of Kant for a hundred years. After he had resigned his teaching position because of eye trouble that later reduced him to complete blindness, he published his life work, the *Philosophy of the 'As If.'*

During and after the War, the 'as if' philosophy attracted wide attention. It responded to an intellectual necessity of our time that arose especially as a result of the War, for it was based on the conviction that all human conceptions and manifestations are relative. Moreover, it was both constructive and destructive. Its double character won it the name of 'positive idealism' because it reconciled the conflicting intellectual habits of the realists and the idealists. Thus the blind philosopher became the clear-eyed, intellectual leader of his people.

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Germany's greatest woman spy—Anne Marie Lesser, better known as 'Fräulein Doktor'—had an even more exciting career than Mata Hari and never got caught. Here are some high points.

Outshining Mata Hari

By H. Berndorf

Translated from *Vu*
Paris Illustrated Weekly

MORE EXCITING than the most exciting adventure story is *Les Grands Espions* by H. Berndorf, published by the *Éditions Montaigne*. It is a series of true stories by a German officer who belonged to the Secret Service. The most prominent women spies included Mata Hari, dancer and courtesan in the service of Germany who was shot at Vincennes; Edith Cavell; and, finally, Fräulein Doktor, Anne Marie Lesser, the greatest spy in the service of Germany before and during the War. She was expelled from her father's house and shared a life of adventure with her lover, Carl von Wynanky. Von Wynanky, an attaché of the German spy service, died on the way back from a mission. Anne Marie Lesser continued the work of the man she loved. She put all her energy, intelligence, and intuitive power at the service of her country. She became one of the chief heads of espionage and was given dangerous missions in peace as well as war. Known by the name of 'Fräulein Doktor,' detected, pursued, she always escaped her adversaries, thanks to her extraordinary courage.—THE EDITOR OF *Vu*.

I

IN THE SPRING of 1914 Anne Marie Lesser set forth on one of her eternal travels, this time to Belgium. She was dispatched to study the land around the little town of Saint-Sébastien and the huge camp of Beverloo near the Dutch frontier. But she was also charged with getting figures about the Belgian fortifications. How many guns were there in the fortifications of Liége? What was their calibre? How was the water in the Belgian canals and rivers regulated? What

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would happen to it in the event of war? How were the railways?

Some Belgian officers were celebrating a delightful party in the great Winter Garden of the Hôtel Anglais at Brussels. That same evening Anne Marie was sitting in the restaurant of this hotel. Her real name did not appear on the list of foreign guests, for she was traveling as a French woman and had a French passport stating that she had been born in Paris.

René Austin, a young Belgian lieutenant, was crossing the dining room, when, as he passed the spy's table, a glass fell to the ground. The pretty young lady seated at the table, whom nobody would have recognized as the girl who followed the manœuvres in the Vosges, uttered a faint cry. She had cut her hand and a little blood had fallen on the table cloth. René Austin, lieutenant of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, was a well brought up, chivalrous gentleman. He was quickly at her side and accompanied her out of the dining room. He got her a little cotton, a little adhesive tape, and then they sat down in two big armchairs in the hotel lobby and laughed.

'Broken glass brings good luck,' said René Austin.

'Let's hope so,' said Anne Marie Lesser, laughing.

Broken glass brings good fortune, and thus they made each other's acquaintance. The young officer discovered that he was talking to a girl who was studying painting and wanted to copy the big pictures in the numerous museums of the Belgian capital until summer time. They made a date to meet at the Musée Wiertz and they also met in the Bois de la Cambre. They became intimate and René Austin, who had many hours on his hands, rarely left the side of the pretty woman.

One day at noon, an elegant little runabout of the most modern type stopped in front of the hotel. Austin knew how to drive, and Anne Marie Lesser had bought it. She wanted to tour the country and get to know it. Austin secured eight days' leave of absence and, mad with love, drove the Parisian girl's car all over the country. They investigated the camp of Beverloo from every direction. Anne Marie, claiming to be the daughter of a former French officer, asked the young lieutenant every possible question. They entered the fortifications and climbed all about inside, for Austin easily got a pass from one of his friends. On the sixth day, as they were skirting the Dutch frontier, the engine began to knock a little. Austin worked over the motor while Anne Marie produced a little notebook, tore out a leaf of paper and said, 'How much gasoline have we used up? How many kilometres have we gone?' When the officer had finished his repairs, Anne Marie tried to put the piece of paper back in her notebook but made a clumsy movement with her hand, let the leaf drop to the ground, and the wind whisked it away. René Austin, gallant and well brought up, ran after it.

'No,' cried Anne Marie, 'let it alone. Never mind.'

But the lieutenant ran after it, heedless of her requests. The wind carried the paper along the road and into the field. Anne Marie also ran after it. Perhaps she could get it first. The paper finally fell in a ditch. The lieutenant jumped after it and she did not see him for some time because

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there was a hedge between them. Finally, he appeared on the road and said, 'The paper fell into a little pool and is lost.' That was all he had to say. They both got into the automobile. The lieutenant opened the throttle and the car rushed along the road at terrific speed. Anne Marie glanced out of the corner of her eye at the officer's face. He had turned pale, kept biting his lips, and said nothing. Anne Marie prepared herself. She sat tense as a cat, ready to leap or to fight to the death.

The officer had to go more slowly, for they were approaching a village where there was a policeman standing on a corner a hundred yards away. Lieutenant René Austin jammed on the brakes so that they shrieked. Anne Marie saw that his face was now contorted with fury. He leapt out of the automobile and hurried to the policeman.

'Help!' he cried. 'Gendarme, come here, quickly.'

II

Instantly Anne Marie put one foot on the accelerator and with her other foot released the clutch. She had already thrown the engine into gear and her right hand was on the steering wheel. She slid into the driver's seat and the automobile was off. It went through the village in first gear, grating and shrieking like a meteorite, for Anne Marie did not know how to shift gears. At the edge of a forest she came to a road that could be used only in summer. Anne Marie jammed on the brakes, but the automobile crashed into a tree. She jumped out while the automobile, which was still in gear, crossed the road and upset in the ditch, where it caught fire. Anne Marie ran through the forest. Her life was at stake and she followed a narrow path that led to a canal bank. There she stopped to take breath and saw a big barge moving slowly along under the power of a small engine. She took off her clothes, tied them into a bundle, attached them to her back, and jumped into the water. After a few strokes she was grasping the low side of the barge. She pulled herself on board and crawled toward the stern on her hands and knees so as not to be seen from the bank. Finally she found herself on the rear deck, confronted by an old man who was so surprised at seeing her with so little on that his pipe dropped out of his mouth. When Anne Marie had recovered her breath, she immediately saw what the situation demanded.

'Three thousand francs,' she said. 'Here are the bills, if you please. They are a little wet, but except for that they are all right. They are yours if you let me cross the frontier on your boat, but you will have to hide me well, for the frontier guards are after me, since I am smuggling diamonds. Here is a thousand francs in advance.'

The bargeman's wife came out of the cabin in response to her husband's summons. Everything happened very quickly. Down below in the hold, behind a lot of merchandise, a door was opened. Evidently the idea of running contraband goods was not a new one, for the door was hard to find. Into the space behind it some blankets and cushions were thrown. The bargeman's wife took away the wet clothes, and there were many cups of tea and much palpitation of the heart before the frontier was crossed.

René Austin had led the pursuit. He and the gendarme stopped when

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they saw the burning automobile, for they imagined that the woman was under it. It was not until some time afterward, when they found no traces of her and realized that their assumption that she had been burned was false, that they notified the nearest police station. They appeared on horseback with their dogs, but in the meantime rain had fallen and they could not find her tracks.

On the night of the third and fourth of August, a hidden detachment of German frontier troops arrested a woman going from Nasproue to Eupen across the German-Belgian frontier. She wore a peasant's dress, had a handkerchief tied around her head, and thick stockings, but the soldiers noticed that she also had on a very well made pair of little shoes. Somehow she had crossed the frontier and asked to be taken immediately to the commanding officer. It was the middle of the night. The lieutenant in command of the advance guard was awakened, and the woman aroused his extreme suspicion. A midwife was sent for. No one paid any attention to the furious protests of this strange woman when she declared that she wanted to speak immediately to an officer on the general staff. Examination by the midwife unearthed a Belgian passport and a great quantity of documents written in code.

'You fool,' cried the woman to the lieutenant. 'Of course I am a spy, but a German spy. If you cannot take me at once to a staff officer at least telegraph the general staff in Berlin that you have just arrested Agent 1 and 4, G. and W.'

The woman was left in the care of two sentinels and the midwife. The lieutenant woke his captain. An urgent official telegram was sent to Berlin, and an hour later an automobile appeared in the little village containing a captain from the general staff. The lieutenant received a severe reprimand and a telephone message went through at once from Eupen to Berlin relating word for word the information of unprecedented importance that Fräulein Doktor had procured. J. Matthesius wrote the information down, elaborated it, and a few hours afterward the same information came back to the troops in the form of instructions and orders. The afternoon of August fourth, General von Emmich was authorized to enter Belgian territory with his troops and ordered to try to capture Liége, which, 'according to secret information,' was a very hopeful proposition. The central fortification of Liége fell into the hands of the Germans on the sixth of August.

III

While in Berlin Anne Marie met a man named Constantin Coudoyanis, a Greek citizen who was selling imported fruit in Paris. He offered to do German spy service in France. Fräulein Doktor therefore went to visit him there. Coudoyanis, a former officer in the Greek army who had left the service for some mysterious reason, bought the house of Meunier et Cie. from two old ladies who had inherited it. Fräulein Doktor stayed in France for a time, doing something that Constantin Coudoyanis knew nothing about. One Sunday, on an excursion, she met a noncommissioned officer who belonged to the counter-espionage section of the French general staff. Two days later this French noncommissioned officer fell an easy victim to

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the pretty woman. Through him she learned information that was appreciated in Berlin, and Matthesius began to breathe again, for once more he was getting real facts, complete facts, of inestimable importance. Anne Marie Lesser used every possible means. The noncommissioned officer was persuaded that she was a professional *habituée* of the pleasure centres of the great boulevards of Montmartre. He was convinced that his happy influence was transforming the young person he had met into a good bourgeois. One day out walking he proposed marriage. Anne Marie accepted him, subject to the consent of her parents, who lived in a little village on the Spanish frontier. She set out for it.

Actually, she spent the first evening with a German officer who had been sent to Paris by the German Secret Service. This man knew nothing about Constantin Coudoyanis and the Greek knew nothing about the German officer, who at once began procuring information of special importance.

Anne Marie Lesser crossed France as best she could without arousing suspicion. At Fontainebleau she met an envoy of Matthesius, gave him all her information, and went back to Paris again, where she arrived in the afternoon. She had often gone to meet her lover at his office, and now she waited for him in the street outside, for he was generally prompt. That day she waited a long time. When he finally came, he was very happy to hear that Mlle. Docteur had good news and that her parents had agreed to the marriage, but he was nervous and depressed.

'What's the matter, dear?'

'Well, you see, we've had a hot time to-day. Two of our agents have announced that they have seen somebody in France who is listed in our register of German spies. It is a woman, and if she really is in the country it is no small matter, for she is very capable.'

'A woman?' said Anne Marie Lesser. 'What's her name?'

'We don't know. We have a very bad photograph of her taken several years ago in Brussels, in the company of some Belgian officers. The only name we have for her is that of "Mlle. Docteur."'

The next day official *communiqués* announced that a German woman spy was in the country and half a million francs were offered for her capture. That evening Anne Marie Lesser requested Constantin Coudoyanis to send his fiancée, a pretty dancer, to Bordeaux. A theatrical journal had announced that a cabaret in that city wanted a dancer of the type of this girl, and the Germans needed someone in Bordeaux to keep track of the boats that came into port and to discover various other important matters. Coudoyanis refused with all his might, but Mlle. Docteur remained firm. Constantin was not the man to resist. That evening he initiated his fiancée into his project and the dancing girl learned what business her lover was in. She was to leave for Bordeaux in four days. She was quickly hired by telegram, for she had offered her services at a very low salary.

IV

The next evening Anne Marie Lesser had to wait a long time for her noncommissioned officer. When he finally appeared he was again agi-

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tated and nervous. 'Somebody has come to us who wants to hand over Mlle. Docteur, but he wants an advance of a hundred thousand francs. He is a Greek named Coudoyanis. We are having him followed without his knowing it. He is supposed to return to-morrow afternoon. We shall then give him a hundred thousand francs, and during the night he will turn the spy over to us. He says that he saw her once in Berlin before the War and that he has just seen her in Paris again.'

'Won't the credit for this arrest go to you? Won't you be promoted?' asked Anne Marie Lesser, and pressed herself tenderly against his arm.

That night, Anne Marie Lesser told Coudoyanis to meet her in a café. While he was on the way there she picked him up in a fiacre, quickly gave him an envelope, and told him that a German agent would meet him the next morning at seven o'clock in a little inn in the suburbs of Paris and would give him fifty thousand francs as a special reward. As soon as they understood each other Anne Marie Lesser left the carriage. She noticed that someone was following her, but she had expected this and escaped easily.

During the night a bombshell broke in the French bureau of counter espionage. A typewritten special-delivery letter arrived stating that Constantin Coudoyanis was a German spy. It was written by a good Frenchman who did not want to give his name because he feared the Germans. If they did not believe him let them go to such and such a place the next morning and they would find Coudoyanis there carrying a letter addressed to a German agent whom he was to wait for. This letter contained important military information. But to make assurance doubly sure, his friend, a dancer, who lived at such and such an address, must be arrested and questioned that very night. She knew that he was a German spy, and he wanted to send her to Bordeaux so that she too could do spy service.

Coudoyanis was arrested the next morning at the indicated spot. He was found to possess the letter in question. His mistress, the dancer, admitted everything. Constantin Coudoyanis refused to the death to make any declaration of his activities or to reveal who had sent him on his missions. A few days later he was condemned to death. The night before the execution, when the drum was beaten to arouse the infantry squad, he said to the captain who was in his cell, 'It may be useful for you to know, captain, that it is a woman who has sent me to the death that awaits me here.' Then he stopped. Not until he was told that the soldiers were already in position did he continue, 'She was a marvelous woman. She was very intelligent and of tremendous energy. She emanated such an influence that I could not escape from it. She dominated everybody around her, even officers of high rank. She was motivated not by love of gain but by inclination and passion. Captain, I urge you never to meet such a woman.' At the hour when the Greek's life ended Anne Marie Lesser arrived in Berlin.

V

At the end of the spring of 1918 she appeared in Barcelona wearing a very eccentric South American costume.

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She was supposed to be the wife of a South American planter and put herself at the disposition of the Spanish Red Cross. She had brought large sums of money from her plantations to care for the wounded. She engaged in wide and safe activities. Thanks to her energy, several ladies applied for permission for representatives of the Spanish Red Cross to make an inspection tour of French army ambulances. The delegation was to be composed entirely of women. Diplomatic representations were made. It took some time, but finally the Spanish women received permission to carry out their project.

Not one of the seven women who went on the trip with Anne Marie Lesser had any suspicions about this distinguished, rather idealistic, rich South American woman. They went the whole length of the western front. From ambulance to ambulance the column of charitable Spanish ladies advanced. It was received and guided chivalrously by French officers. The ladies moved from north to south and then back from south to north. They were always a mile or more behind the ambulances farthest ahead. One evening on the way back—it was already the middle of August—they came to a little ambulance on the edge of the Marne that the officers and wounded men had baptized 'Sainte-Marie de Notre Cœur.' A great many wounded, both officers and men, had been brought there during the day because of an unexpected German attack. The ambulance was more than full.

When the Spanish ladies asked what they could do, the doctor in charge replied laconically, 'Get to work and help.' They did not have to be told twice. They quickly took off their automobile coats and put on white smocks, and the wounded men in the ambulance received unexpected but greatly desired attention. Anne Marie attached herself to the woman in charge. Stationed in a great tent, she received the wounded who were being brought there from the operating table. There were more than a hundred beds ready for them. The stretcher bearers brought in two officers from the operating room—a French captain of the general staff who had received a shrapnel wound in the shoulder during an automobile tour of inspection, and a brilliant Belgian officer who was serving as liaison man with a French regiment. He was now stretched out with a bullet wound in his leg. The bearers carried into the tent the stretchers on which the two officers were lying, and the woman in charge attended to the captain while Anne Marie Lesser helped the Belgian lieutenant to bed. She arranged his cushions under his head and the officer, who had completely recovered consciousness in spite of his wound, asked for a cigarette that was in the pocket of his tunic. As Anne Marie leaned over to give him a light he trembled and his face turned white. He looked at her fixedly, roughly pushed back her hand, and cried, 'On duty, comrades. Come quickly. It is a German spy.'

In spite of his pain, the captain on the French general staff shouted, 'What is it? Where is the spy?'

VI

The Belgian pointed to Anne Marie Lesser, who explained, 'Don't be ridiculous. I belong to the Red Cross and have come from South America.'

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She smiled kindly and added, 'You are seeing phantoms, my friend.' But her heart contracted within her. She knew the man who had recognized her. It was René Austin, the Belgian officer from whom she had fled in Brussels, who had already unmasked her once and from whom she had escaped with such difficulty.

The Belgian would not let himself be silenced. He rose up in his bed and cried so loudly that all the lieutenants and wounded turned their heads, 'I know her well. She is a German spy. She is Mlle. Docteur.'

The French captain on the general staff started. 'Well, if you are so sure, my dear comrade, then we'll make a good arrest.' With a gesture he summoned two doctors who had entered the tent to find out the cause of the noise. 'Arrest that woman; she is a spy.'

Beside himself with excitement, René Austin tried to tell how he had unmasked her once before. But at this moment something unexpected happened. Anne Marie Lesser bent down. With a rapid gesture she seized the French captain's coat, his belt, and the holster with the revolver. She rushed to the side of the tent, tore it hastily open, and ran toward the automobiles. The doctors were at her heels, shouting, 'Arrest the spy.' Two soldiers near the automobiles raised their guns. The fleeing woman had already thrown off her white smock, and, with a strength that no one would believe she possessed, she leaped with a tremendous bound over the hedge. She fell, promptly got up and ran ten yards to a thicket. Bullets were falling behind her. They were missing their mark but were whipping her muscles to make the most extreme effort. She heard her pursuers approaching, ran into the woods, holding the loaded revolver in her right hand and the coat over her left shoulder. Her life depended on this race. Emerging from the thicket, she crossed a road, changed her direction, and started out toward the artillery, whose thunder could be clearly heard, interrupted from time to time by the distant sound of machine-gun fire. She crossed a field, arrived at another wood. There were hills in front of her that she prepared to climb. She continued two hundred yards and then heard her pursuers panting behind her. Two soldiers were running after her with guns in their hands ready to fire. Dodging behind a tree, she let the soldiers emerge into a clearing, raised her revolver, and several shots rang out.

A figure is ascending the hillside. It is wearing on its feet the shoes of a French soldier. An officer's overcoat envelops it. The officer's stripes are torn off, as is customary in the front lines. A military hat is pulled down over the person's face. Slowly the figure climbs the Marne hills, stops, and looks back. Infantry men, urged on by their officers, are combing the forest with bloodhounds. A German artillery officer accompanied by a non-commissioned officer and by a man who is going to visit the front line of his own infantry at dawn suddenly hear footsteps in the forest. With their revolvers ready to fire the German officer and his men hide behind a clump of trees and suddenly see a French soldier emerge into the light. 'Halt,' cries the officer, 'hands up!' He is ready to fire if the enemy does not obey orders. The soldier stops at once. He raises his hands. The officer

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puts his hand to his ear to discover whether there is any noise in the wood, but everything is quiet. With a leap he is at the side of the French soldier, shouting, 'Prisoner!' Revolver in hand, the officer is now beside the prisoner, who takes off his cap.

'God be praised,' says a woman's voice in good German. 'Take me at once to the nearest general staff.'

The officer is struck dumb.

'Do it quickly,' says the woman wearing the uniform of a French soldier. 'Do it quickly. I am a German spy and have very important information.'

VII

After the Armistice was signed, when the gunfire of revolution was penetrating the silent offices of the German spy headquarters on Königsgrätzer Strasse, Matthesius and Anne Marie spent days burning their papers. After the papers, they consigned to the flames their plans, maps, pencils, and compasses. Everything was over.

Anne Marie Lesser went to live in a little house in Zehlendorf surrounded by a garden. Doctors cared for this woman, who had now lost all touch with the rest of humanity. It seemed as if she might be helped, but nothing could be done. Morphine and cocaine had destroyed her nerves. One day, accompanied by foreign nurses, she departed for Switzerland, where the doors of an asylum closed on her.

This woman still lives there to-day. Her spirit dwells in darkness. Her intelligence is destroyed. Often, during the night, when the mountain winds lash against the walls of the house, she begins to cry out. The attendants have difficulty in controlling her mad frenzy. She cries names into the night. It seems that she wants to save a man called Coudoyanis from the guns of French soldiers, that she is fighting with soldiers who are pursuing her through a wood, and it seems that she is crying over a tomb that bears the name of Wynanky. The doors of a lunatic asylum have closed forever, like a tomb, on the woman who was the greatest spy in the German army during the World War.

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A South American journalist describes Sandino's persistent struggle against Yankee imperialism. Here is a representative and therefore revealing document.

VIVA Sandino

By MANUEL ANTONIO VALLE

Translated from *Nosotros*
Buenos Aires Liberal Monthly

EARLY in 1929, under the rays of an impudent tropical sun, I landed at a small port in Nicaragua. The heat was suffocating and I thought that there could be only two such places—this spot on earth and hell itself—until later I discovered that the heat could not compare with the Yankee marines, whose blood is always at the boiling point. But the real importance of the temperature is that it makes all the Yankees need some kind of escape valve. I still remember how sad and depressed I felt the first time I saw the United States marines in the flesh, marching on a soil that was not theirs, grunting in a foreign tongue, and giving orders as if they were in their own homes. Of course this was not my first glimpse of them, as I had seen them in war films and in the Pathé and Paramount news reels, but the movie marines differed somewhat from those who were occupying Nicaragua. In the movies the Yankees always win.

In Nicaragua—it's ridiculous, is n't it?—Sandino provides variety. He reverses the conventional procedure. More than once, both in the orchestra and the gallery, I have stamped on the floor when a Yankee soldier in the trenches came to grips with a monocled German. The Yankee, naturally, overcame the German, who turned out to be a captain or colonel in the Imperial Guard. And why not? When it comes to knock-out blows, loans, and interventions there is no one like a Yankee. Sandino, perhaps for this reason, does not permit the Yankees to come within arm's reach. He greets them from a distance, with machine guns. In the movies, the sons of Uncle Sam carry victory in their knapsacks and glory and heroism on the points of their bayonets. But in Nicaragua the marines carry tinned food, reli-

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gious medals, and aspirin tablets instead of victory, and their bayonets are frequently taken away from them by Sandino, along with many other things.

Many people ask why the Yankees have not finished off this audacious warrior. Some say they can't, others say they won't. 'Sandino,' it is argued, 'is the Yankees' chief pretext for staying in Nicaragua. If they killed him they would be making a mistake, and the State Department endeavors not to commit that kind of error.' The truth is that Sandino goes on living for both reasons. It suits the North Americans for him to live and keep the revolution alive, although they would execute him if he fell into their hands. Sandino knows the situation and takes advantage of it. He loses no chance to mow down marines with machine guns, and, in consequence, the railroads occasionally carry funeral processions of dead American marines and Nicaraguan national guardsmen.

Just a word about these national guardsmen, who mournfully follow the United States marines in Nicaragua. I shall not easily forget my first depressing sensation when I disembarked. At once I realized that there were two kinds of people here—those who gave orders without being masters, and those who obeyed like slaves. At first I could not understand how certain Nicaraguans could help the invaders and fight Sandino. Let us forget internal politics and party feuds for a moment and simply realize that Sandino and these national guardsmen are all Nicaraguans. Whatever we may hold against Sandino, there is no justification for the attitude of thousands of Nicaraguans who, instead of helping their brother, follow the invader.

The day I disembarked from the *Tempisque* the Yankees looked over our papers with their notorious bad tempers, angry with everybody and nobody. Surely they must have guessed how much we hated them. Many hours later, when it was night, we arrived in Chinandega. A splendid moon revealed the ruined city in all its misery. People walked through the streets in silence, as if they were still afraid of bombs. We had to stop at a corner to let pass a torchlight procession that was following an image of Jesus. The town looked as if an earthquake or some such catastrophe had occurred.

II

Nor was I far from the truth. Although there were only a few wrecked houses, they showed that the bombing aëroplanes of the Yankee armada had respected nothing and nobody. Shielded by the servility and venality of a few Nicaraguans,—Adolfo Díaz, Emiliano Chamorro, José María Moncada, and their like,—the Americans had invented some pretext and attacked the nation and its cities with fire and blood. The murder of fifty or a thousand Nicaraguans naturally did not bother the Americans. The important thing was to give the world an example of their force and effective power in Nicaragua and to back up with lead and steel the miserable three million dollars that had been secretly paid to acquire rights to construct a new canal. But will the canal ever be built? No matter. The main point was that no other power could build it, and for this reason it was necessary to cross with gold the palm of

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any unscrupulous Nicaraguan—Señor Chamorro, for instance.

The Nicaraguans—and I do not wish to offend them—are remarkable for their warlike spirit and their ignorance. Nothing else can explain the political fanaticism that has made them suffer an intervention that is as unjust as it is ignominious. For the Government takes no interest in education. In a Nicaraguan town one finds a church with its priest, sexton, and women devotees, but schools are as scarce as priests of good faith or honest politicians.

This ignorance and lamentable morality, plus the political fanaticism of the masses, have been exploited infamously by bosses like Chamorro, Díaz, and Moncada. Only two parties exist—Conservative and Liberal—and custom decrees that every living human being, child and adult, must belong to one or the other. The Liberals hate the Conservatives, and vice versa. Bitterness between bosses becomes popular bitterness. It is easy to imagine the transcendent importance of these political forces in the nation's life when a gesture on the part of one murderous militarist can change the destinies of a people.

Against these chieftains and their Yankee protectors there arose a man of rustic intelligence, but with an honorable and sane concept of his country—Sandino. He led a counter revolution against a few hundred desperadoes who were more eager for adventure than for patriotic service. At that time Sandino was a simple soldier of extraordinary courage whom Moncada had first made a lieutenant and had then put in charge of a company. Having risen by his own worth, he renounced his old chief, assumed the title of general, and buried himself in the depths of the jungle to defend the sovereignty of his country with the courage of a wild animal.

When the national revolution began, Moncada proclaimed that its purposes were to remove the Yankees and to destroy the Conservative Party, which had been in power for many years. The Liberal masses followed him enthusiastically, but their leader surrendered shamefully in the heat of the battle and signed a pact imposed by the Yankees. It is clear that Moncada wanted the presidency and that the Yankees promised it to him. In order to fulfill the agreement he therefore ordered his followers to lay down their arms, telling them that triumph was inevitable in the next elections. The elections occurred, and they were nothing but a grotesque comedy engineered by North American imperialism.

Sandino was the one follower of Moncada who refused to disarm. 'I will not lay down my arms so long as a single marine remains in Nicaragua,' he said, and he has kept his word to the letter. This act redeems all the other Nicaraguans who in one way or another are accomplices of the intervention. Moncada did not believe him at the time but he did not wish to get on the wrong side of his former aide, so he allowed him to stay armed, doubtless hoping to win him over by diplomatic means. Moncada made one stipulation: if the Liberals won the election, Sandino was to disarm. Liberalism won, as the Yankees had promised that it would, and Moncada began to praise them in speeches and newspaper interviews. He begged them to stay, but the marines did not need coaxing. Sandino indignantly

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broke off relations with the new president and swore that he would keep his word not to disarm while a single Yankee remained in Nicaragua.

To say 'Sandino' in the presence of Yankee marines or national guardsmen is like dropping a bomb. Sandino has come to be a kind of good devil or perverse god. Everyone is conscious of him. He is hated and feared, loved and admired. Who does not know something about Sandino? He has entered the category of heroes. No one believes that he will defeat the Yankees, everyone knows that his struggle is one more example of the eternal David against the eternal Goliath.

III

In those first months of 1929 I witnessed many atrocities in Nicaragua. Not content with having bombarded, burned, and ruined people's homes, the marines gave vent to their feelings on the bodies of the 'natives,' indiscriminately using heavy boots, revolver butts, gun barrels,—if not bullets,—and sometimes the lash.

People may ask, 'What about justice?'

I reply, and all the tormented Nicaraguans and non-Nicaraguans answer with me, 'Justice is a myth. There is no justice but Yankee will in Nicaragua.'

Here is an example. One day, a sergeant by the name of Fittante—I remember his name because of the peculiar circumstances in which I came to know him—intervened in the case of a woman push-cart peddler whom a national guardsman was taking to the station house because she did not have the necessary license. The woman was excusing herself as well as she could, pleading forgetfulness, lack of time, and so forth. But this did not matter a bit to Sergeant Fittante. 'The fine,' he shouted and could say nothing else. 'The fine. The fine!'

It was exorbitant and the woman could not pay. How could she, since she was a simple vendor of cigarettes and candy and they were asking ten dollars? Prayers, explanations, appeals to his heart were of no avail. The sergeant was inflexible. At last the woman dared to raise her voice. (Speaking loudly is a serious fault, at least in the presence of a Yankee officer.) Fittante insulted her in cold blood, casually describing her as a member of an ancient profession. The woman kept on talking. She knew how to use her tongue. But she made another serious mistake, an irreparable error, and mentioned justice. She said that she wanted justice. That she needed justice. That they should give her justice. The infuriated sergeant began to insult the Nicaraguans in general and at once began to kick and beat her. I am not exaggerating—the woman, bruised and bleeding, was thrown in jail.

A Nicaraguan judge thought it his duty to intervene and the affair was brought before the commander in chief of the invading forces, who answered the appeals of the judge diplomatically, giving him to understand that the marines under his command did not have to submit to Nicaraguan jurisdiction, as they could administer justice themselves. The judge could do nothing but hold his tongue and feel ashamed at the blow given the judicial power of the Republic.

But the Nicaraguan capital presents other scenes. One afternoon I was

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passing by a Yankee club when I saw various individuals with their heads wrapped in turbans like Arabs. I was astonished and made inquiries. Someone explained, 'Those poor Yankees were caught by Sandino, who cut their ears off and then set them free telling them not to forget him.'

One also hears that Sandino's followers, in their hatred of the Yankees, do not even forgive the Nicaraguans who fall into their hands. There are likewise rumors that Yankee lieutenants, captains, and colonels have been found lying disemboweled in the wilderness, with their legs or arms cut off. The story is told of a Yankee aviator who was brought down by machine-gun fire whom Sandino decorated with military honors and then sent to be hanged, not without first treating him to a rabid speech against the United States. But we must not forget that Sandino is only the enemy of those Americans who support the White House and that he appreciates and sympathizes with the elements that fight for social ideals and reject the iron policy of the Department of State.

IV

Some months later, on my way to Costa Rica, I came to know one of Sandino's officers who was fleeing from the Yankee authorities. His chief, it seems, had trusted him to carry out a certain mission in Managua. Government spies had discovered him and he had escaped as best he could, using an assumed name. The journey from the Nicaraguan port of Corinto to Puntarenas in Costa Rica takes a couple of days. I remember that the man did not rest until we landed, fearing that he would be apprehended on board ship. His nervousness, naturally, kept him from sleeping as soundly as the other third-class passengers, and the heat obliged us to spend hours on deck, gazing at the stars, the moon, the lazy clouds, and the silver waters of the ocean. Under the circumstances he had to talk, and I must have seemed trustworthy, for he poured out the whole story of the warriors of Nicaragua.

'The General's life,' he said, 'is not as dangerous and exciting as people imagine. The General lives perhaps more tranquilly than Mr. Hoover.'

Lions live tranquilly in the wilderness, and Sandino lives like a lion, surrounded by his cubs. He has spread a web of spies, men, women, and children, all over the country and does not pay any of them a salary. Unknown individuals will appear unexpectedly in camp and speak to Sandino, who then announces that a detachment of Yankees, numbering so and so, is coming through such and such a part of the country. Everyone knows that the Yankees are looking for the 'bandits'—which is what most Nicaraguans, imitating the Yankees, call their defenders. Everyone also knows that the marines easily get lost and, when they do, Sandino sends one of his people to show them the right road. Then he holds a council of war, plans the attack, and at night marches out with his men in the most perfect order and silence.

No one smokes. No one sings. If possible, no one speaks, for voices, according to the Sandino officer, echo a surprising distance in the jungle. Suddenly, they come upon the scouting detachment. They surround it and wake the Yankees with bullets.

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The Yankees rarely escape alive and usually remain in the hands of Sandino's men dead, wounded, or miraculously whole, which means little, for they never live more than twenty-four hours. The Sandino leaders take baggage, ammunition, and whatever else they need.

It is not unusual to see military aëroplanes or trains arriving in Managua laden with dead. They come from the zones where Sandino operates and generally hold the bodies of Yankee marines. I should explain here that the authorities take special care to gather up the corpses of North Americans. They put them in a special car, ship them to Managua, then to Corinto, and from there to the United States. The national guardsmen do not receive such attention. The most they get is a shallow grave where they fell and two crossed sticks over them.

Sandino's guerrilla warfare, the fruit of his revolutionary experience under Pancho Villa in Mexico, where he spent part of his youth, is more than annoying to the Department of State, which usually loses. The lay of the land is Sandino's best ally. His method of attack resembles that of the tiger. He watches. There is an objective, a reason: victory. How attain it? By any means. Dynamite, poison, rocky wastes, jungle depths—Sandino uses everything. But he has two favorite weapons—the midnight assault and the ambush. How does he prepare an ambush? It seems very simple. A spy has given him concrete information about the Yankee line of march. Sandino and his men wait in some hollow, hiding themselves in the ditches on either side of the road. They are divided into four groups, each equipped with machine guns and everything else necessary. Someone told me that Sandino uses poison gas, and I should not be surprised if he did. These groups face each other at convenient distances. The Yankees approach, and by the time they realize they are ambushed they are already in the centre of the four corners, from each of which bullets pour forth plentifully. Demoralization is inevitable and disaster complete. Sandino's men capture and execute the marines on the spot and seize what they need. That is why Sandino's followers eat canned food, dress well, wear magnificent boots, use modern arms, and spend the money of the American Department of State.

After the encounter Sandino's soldiers go back cheerfully to their camp, where each one dedicates himself to the labors of peace. They live in a purely communistic régime. This is no secret, and perhaps it is the origin of the false report that Sandino receives help from Russia.

Such is the man who for more than four years has kept alive his armed protest against North American imperialism. He realizes that the Yankee menace is a danger to all of our America. He does not forget that in the middle of the last century an adventurer named Walker attempted to seize part of Central America and that in 1857 it was necessary to drive him out after bloody warfare. Walker was shot by the Honduran, Alvarez, but his successors continue his efforts, although now they have changed their names and tactics. Once they used only gunpowder, and to-day they still use it if they have to, but first they use dollars, their infallible, chosen weapon, the weapon that kills without loss of blood.

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A Berlin professor who has written a life of Engels outlines an important new history of Bolshevism by a Trotski sympathizer and ex-Communist official.

From Marx to STALIN

By GUSTAV MAYER

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

MARXISM, as those who use this fashionable catchword are well aware, originated as a result of the injection of the views and concepts of English industrialism and French democracy into the ways of thought and scale of values of German philosophy. Marx was Hegel's greatest pupil and developer; whereas the philosophers of the Restoration were content to understand the world, the philosophers of the bourgeois revolution went beyond them and wished to transform the world. Their immanent dialectics interpreted our classical philosophers' conception of freedom in a very special sense. The class struggle was supposed to terminate the existence of all classes and the victory of social democracy was to terminate all exploitation. The socialization of the means of production was supposed to eliminate the proletariat and bring socialism into existence.

The two creators of Marxism did not live to see Germany or Western Europe reach a historic situation that would permit the general-staff officers of the Communist revolution to carry out their plans. In fact, such a situation did not occur until 1918. Like Schlieffen, who planned Germany's march through Belgium, Friedrich Engels did not live to see his plans executed. When responsibility for Germany's unity and existence fell upon the German laboring class after the defeat, the leaders of that class felt that their chief duty was to complete the bourgeois revolution of 1848. They felt that our wealthy class was too firmly established for them to risk bringing a classless society into existence at that time. True, a minority believed that the hour for the final struggle against the capitalistic world had arrived. But, at the historic moment, when the social order seemed

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to be tottering even in the victorious countries, the specific ideology of Marx did not play an important rôle in the decisions of the European labor parties.

Only in Russia, which Marx and Engels regarded as the greatest hindrance to the coming world revolution, did Marxism attain outstanding significance. Only a few of the big modern industries whose workers, according to Marx, were to carry through the Communist world revolution, existed in Russia, where the vast majority of the population were peasants and therefore belonged to a class that was supposed to lack revolutionary initiative. Nevertheless, the attempt was made to effect a radical social change in an enormous agricultural nation by means of an industrial sociology. Under such circumstances what was the theoretical as well as the practical outlook (for Marxism regards theory and practice as identical)? Were not the interpreters of the teachings of Marx doomed to failure, for, if they wanted to escape from their difficulties, would not the practical situation compel them to set out in a very different direction? Were not processes intervening between theory and practice as original and strange as any that had ever before occurred in world history?

This problem has been discussed factually and historically in a recently published book by a man who was a member of the Central Committee of the German Communist Party and of the Executive Committee of the Third International. He is Arthur Rosenberg, a Berlin historian who writes with extraordinary charm, and his book is entitled *The History of Bolshevism from Marx to the Present Time*. He gives 'a history of the development of the Bolshevist idea' from Marx through Lenin and Trotski to Stalin. Only its outlines can be indicated here and even these must be sketched in a summary fashion. Anyone who wants a more profound understanding must turn to the highly readable book itself.

II

Until 1917 all Russian socialists had the same political goal. They wanted to destroy autocracy, but they differed in regard to social methods. The old-fashioned idea that was most popular until the Revolution was that of the Narodniki, who believed that the tradition of the original village community, or *mir*, could be made use of and that it would be able to transform all of peasant Russia into a socialist community. Aided by the Slavophils, they expected that the 'chosen people of socialism' could accomplish this aim in their own special way. Since 1903 the Narodniki had been opposed by the two Marxist groups of Mensheviki and Bolsheviki, who believed that Russian socialism could be furthered only by industrialization and therefore placed most of their hopes on the factory workers. Plekhanov, the most distinguished Russian Marxist before Lenin, criticized Engels for not having paid enough attention to the agrarian problem.

Throughout Russian history until 1917 all the Tsars who had been overthrown were overthrown by conspiracies. Alexander II fell victim to a Narodnist secret society, and, although Marx and Engels strongly opposed acts of terror in Europe, they admired the heroism of the little band

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of conspirators who tried to blow up a world empire. The result was that Lenin, the greatest practitioner of Marxian theory who ever lived, did not, in such an industrially and culturally backward country as Russia, place all his revolutionary hopes on the independent action of the masses, but, like Bakunin and the Narodniki before him, believed in a small, theoretically and practically trained group of agitators who would be willing to make any sacrifice, who would work with the masses and dominate them intellectually. Unlike the Mensheviki, who were also eager to improve the position of the factory worker, Lenin always remembered that the destruction of Tsarism was the first task of Russian socialism and that the revolution could triumph in Russia only after that task had been accomplished. He thought the revolution would be a bourgeois and peasant affair that would bring into existence a democratic republic, and he remained true to this belief, which rested on a rigid Marxian analysis of the Russian class structure, when the German generals allowed him to return to Russia in 1918 and Ludendorff thus gave the Marxists their first opportunity to play a part in world history.

Trotski believed just as firmly as Lenin did that the Russian revolution would have to overthrow Tsarism and he regarded himself as just an orthodox a Marxist as Lenin. But Lenin had studied the Marx of the 1840's, who thought that in the coming revolution his Communist League would guide the laboring masses, who were not yet capable of independent action. Trotski was more fascinated by the organized labor movement that had been developed in contemporary, highly developed industrial nations in the form of political parties and trade unions. Within the party councils Lenin demanded a dictatorship, Trotski a democracy. Trotski believed in the unqualified leadership of the proletariat in the event of a Russian revolution, since he thought that all the other classes lacked revolutionary initiative, whereas Lenin, remembering the numerical weakness of the Russian industrial working class, agreed with Marx and Engels that the coöperation of the petty bourgeoisie and of the small peasants was essential. This opinion was due to the fact that he thought only of a radical-democratic revolution within the nation, whereas Trotski claimed that revolution could no more be confined to one nation than a war could be localized, and that a Russian revolution could triumph and retain its gains only by spreading revolution through Central and Western Europe. That was his famous theory of the permanent revolution, which he based on the opinions that Marx and Engels had expressed in 1848 and 1849 in their *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*.

In spite of the differences between Lenin and Trotski, they stood side by side when the moment for decisive action arrived. Both of them did everything to encourage the system of workers' and soldiers' councils that had played an important part in the first Russian revolution of 1905 and that now burst forth with eruptive power. Lenin recognized these councils as the modern form of the democratic-socialist revolution, as the future cells of a workers' government such as Marx had discovered in the Paris Commune. Trotski hoped that the councils would get over their centralizing, autocratic tendencies, which

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he always opposed in Bolshevism. The course that the October Revolution followed seemed to confirm his estimate of the revolutionary power of the different Russian classes. After victorious struggle, the democratic republic, which Lenin had regarded as the next necessary step on the way to Communism, could not maintain itself. The bourgeois parties had been destroyed. The Social Revolutionaries, the successors to the old Narodniki, refused to coöperate, and the Bolsheviki saw that they would be compelled to accept Trotski's doctrine of the permanent revolution if they wanted to defend against foreign powers the revolution they had accomplished. From 1918 to 1920 the success of the Third International was a life and death question to the Bolsheviki.

III

Rosenberg takes great interest in accumulating many details to show that the Third International has been an instrument of Russian revolutionary policy ever since it began. Its most prosperous period occurred during the years when the new Russia expected that its position would be strengthened by the speedy victory of Communism in the industrial states of Europe. But when Russian domestic policy took a new turn and the Nep was adopted, and later the Five-Year Plan, the International declined in importance and became more and more symbolic. As Bolshevist policy has concentrated more and more on developing the productive power of the country, especially since Lenin's death, and has therefore been forced to resort increasingly to capitalistic methods, a proletarian-socialist mythology has become more and more necessary, not only to impress foreign workers but to impress Russian workers as well. Influential Bolsheviki no longer believe in the world revolution, which they once thought they could bring about, but it has been to their interest to maintain a belief in it among the proletariat.

Rosenberg argues that the Third International has accomplished its historic task. He asserts that the passage of time has proved more and more clearly how impossible it is for the Government of the agricultural nation of Russia to lead the world proletariat. 'The Russian state and the international working class have thus again been separated, and Stalin's theory of socialism in one country is merely an expression of this fact.'

But what is the Marxism of Stalin, who has triumphed in Russia to-day after Lenin died before his time and after Trotski's Marxism had been shipwrecked? Until 1917 Trotski occupied a position between the Bolsheviki, who wanted to be the leaders of the future Russian revolution, and the Mensheviki, who felt that they were the real representatives of the Russian working class. Although Stalin had not become prominent at that time, he belonged from the very beginning to the old Bolshevist guard, who had sworn to promote the hieratic construction of the party and its central authority, and who, as things developed after Lenin's death, made their dictatorship within the party and the party's dictatorship of Russia identical. Stalin recognized the danger that the Utopian, communistic desires of the proletariat might hamper the practical work of construction

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and force the state into all kinds of experiments. Lenin undertook the change from war communism to state socialism but never claimed that the Russia of his time could become the classless society that Marx and Engels had desired.

Stalin, on the other hand, has now established practical Bolshevism on the theory that a completely socialist society can be constructed in a single country. 'Since 1925,' Rosenberg explains, 'the Soviet Russian mythology has represented national Russian socialism as if it were Marxian socialism and has made it the official theory of Bolshevism.' What Trotski believes can be carried out only on an international scale Stalin believes can be carried out within the strictly national sphere. How far this thesis of Stalin's resembles Lenin's thesis in his last years cannot be fully discussed here. In any case, the Russian people believe that Stalinism is stronger than Leninism and Marxism. Hence Stalin and the party that he leads will not tolerate any theoretic divergence from the dominating dogma and have relentlessly attacked Trotski, Zinoviev, and the other old Russian Marxists who published the famous statement in 1927 attacking Stalin: 'In place of a Marxist analysis of the real situation of the proletarian dictatorship in Russia, the party is doing service to the petty-bourgeois theory of socialism in one country, which has nothing in common with Marxism and Leninism.'

The inseparable connection between theory and practice in the Marxist system is responsible for the facts that practical considerations always have a retroactive effect on the state sociology of Bolshevist Russia, and that the state draws from the rich world of Marxian theory whatever ideas best serve its interests at the moment. Rosenberg's valuable book illuminates this historic necessity with rich, factual knowledge.

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This beautiful essay, inspired by the Arabian desert and its people, describes sights and sounds and then interprets and explains the religion of Islam.

Voices *of* ARABIA

By MOHAMMED ASAD

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-Language Daily

WE WATERED our camels at the Ardsha well, which lies in a valley encircled by mountains. The ground is as bare as the palm of your hand. Hundreds of sheep and camels are driven here from remote grazing grounds to drink at noon, and every bit of grass that sprouts from the earth is at once devoured before it can so much as draw the breath of life.

Two wells overflowing with good water lie in the centre of the valley, and each belongs to a tribe. The one to the west belongs to the Harb, the one to the east to the Muter. To-day, when we arrived, the valley was full of animals and more kept pouring in from the dazzling horizon. Around the wells excitement and confusion prevailed, for it is no small matter to water flocks of thirsty animals. The shepherds hauled up the water in leather buckets tied to long ropes, singing rhythmically to ease their common toil, for the big buckets weigh a lot when they are filled with water, and many hands are needed to raise them from the depths of the well. The shepherds therefore kept bursting into song as they pulled away with interlocking hands.

'There is no God but God. Ho, hay. He is the greatest. Hay, ho, hay. No God but he. Ho, hay, hay.'

The song was pitched in a monotone that pierced the clear air. These were voices of desert people accustomed to wide distances without echoes. They were quivering, brittle voices, throaty, loud, and harsh. They seemed like the breath of the desert magically transformed into a human cry. A constantly repeated rhythm of air and barren soil. Anyone who has traveled through desert country will never forget those voices. They are the same wherever the earth is poor and parched, wherever the heavens are

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high and boundless, and wherever life is hard.

When did I hear them first? It was in the Dasht-i-Lut, the bleak desert that sprawls like a wide-hipped queen over a quarter of Persia. I was riding with a few Baluchis, all of us mounted on dromedaries that were walking rapidly in single file. How strange it seemed then to sway back and forth to the queer, swinging gait of the thin-legged beasts of burden. At first we traversed sand dunes that were yellow with sparse grass and then we entered further into the desert. It was a limitless, soundless, gray territory completely flat and empty, and its stillness was immeasurable.

Then it happened. The silence was broken, shattered. The voice of a single man rose sharp and keen into infinite space, where it hung trembling like a thread of silk that you seemed to be able to look at from every side. Alone and unrelated to other voices, it wavered over the desert plain. One of the Baluchis was singing to kill time.

What a dreadful expression that is —'kill time'—as if time were an enemy, which, alas, it is in the Occident. The Baluchi was singing a song he had learned in his nomad days, a half-sung, half-spoken rhapsody, a torrent of warm, soft words that filled the heart with yearning. His voice sounded like a harp that had grown old and warped. Perhaps it had been broken slightly or perhaps a string or two had not been tuned quite right, but the nobility of the instrument was revealed in the vibrations that each individual note gave forth. The man's voice sang in a narrow range and hit very few different notes. It had a superb persistency as it gently, quaveringly wound itself about the melody with a throaty resonance, achieving a marvelously rich flatness of tone from apparent repetitions, for it was as flat and infinite as the empty desert from which it rose.

Men of the desert. Buried treasure that can never be wholly grasped by its possessor, for the man who grasps it must become aware of himself, and that he cannot do without emerging from his self-sufficiency. But if he does emerge he loses some of his own richness. The process must occur in the heart of another, and then it may turn out happily, as if it had occurred from within.

II

That was the first time, but I heard the same nomad voice again in Mecca, not singing but crying out to God. It was years ago, the day I arrived, when I had visited the Great Mosque and taken the prescribed walk seven times around the Caaba. Then I began the *sa'y*, which consists of running seven times between the platforms of Safa and Merwa, a ceremony performed in memory of Hagar, who, driven out by Abraham, wandered through the desert looking for water for her thirsty child, Ishmael. Many other pilgrims were also running along the course, which used to pass through a solitary desert but which is now a paved and covered way in the middle of the city. It was filled with a constant stream of pilgrims who presented a mixture of features, races, and clothes such as can be seen only in Mecca before the great festival. Among the crowd was a group of long-haired men in pilgrims' clothes who were short and dark and made queer little hasty gestures. They were Bedouins from Central

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Arabia, 'Wahhabis' as they are known in the outer world, though they call themselves 'Brothers.' Walking rapidly, they could express their fervor only in the words, '*Labbeyk, Allahumma. Labbeyk.* (I am ready for thee, O God. I am ready for thee.)' And their voices were harsh yet appealing, hoarse but not loud, sharp and therefore penetrating, the hard voices of the desert, the expression of a shy, self-contained people who live in the deepest confusion of soul, constantly rediscovering themselves.

I felt that I remembered something I had known of old. That singing Baluchi in the Dasht-i-Lut was in my mind and also something familiar and near to me in spite of the complete strangeness. And when I later asked myself, 'What attracts you to the Bedouins?' I realized that the reason probably was that I had again heard the voice of the desert in the midst of Mecca's confusion.

I believe that the voice of the desert, as I have tried to describe it, is the most significant expression of the Semitic soul in its primitive state. Its flatness of tone and monotony are not defects, but necessities. Whereas the Occidental in his spiritual life craves for space and for multifarious diversity in which all values must wear different aspects depending on one's point of view and in which everything is constantly shifting and changing and skepticism is the mother of all thought, the Semite—and that now means only the Arab—strives to extend his experience horizontally. This horizontal extension of experience into the infinite is to him an immediate possibility and necessity. The absolute stands alive before his eyes. God is infinitely remote and his radiance extends infinitely, but since you are within his influence 'God is closer to you than the beat of your heart.' He is the farthest and nearest of all, the real. He is what really exists. To the Arabian this is not something philosophical; it is almost a physical reality and he has known it in his blood from prehistoric times. He has recognized the existence of the One enthroned over all other gods, the invisible Almighty presiding over the humanly comprehensible world of gods and demons, the prime cause of all results.

III

The gods, on the other hand, were ultimately mere go-betweens, childish creations that gave no answer to the riddle of the cosmos. In ancient Arabia—and what nation's childhood was not without its errors and inner contradictions?—people needed figures and symbols to represent the incomprehensible powers among them, and at the same time they wanted to escape from the strong demands that unqualified recognition of the absolute would lay upon them. Yet at the bottom of their hearts they treasured a belief in a single Being which was always ready to flare into life. It could not have been otherwise with a nation that came to maturity between heaven and earth in stillness and solitude, without the temptations to which a more comfortable life might have exposed it. Men who dwelt in a hard, extensive country had no choice but to yearn for a way of life that would span all distances and that would include within itself the beginning and end of all experience in a complete, beneficent, strong, just fashion. Thus the desert country was the mother of

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Mohammedanism. Moses received his mission from the burning bush in the desert, and Mohammed, son of Abdallah and of the Arabian soil, received his first summons in the solitary mountains near Mecca. In the history of our world, the Arabs, like their cousins the Jews before them, have no other mission than to stand for their faith. Through it and through it only they became a real nation, in other words, achieved a common destiny. It is the one thing that binds them together, and with it they stand or fall as a people.

I knew a man in Jedda, the consul of a European country and no friend to Islam as a religion. He was a serious Christian, much more enthusiastic about his faith than the average modern European. He once said to me when his period of service in Jedda was nearing its end, 'I believe that no sensitive person who has lived here a long time can cut himself inwardly loose from Arabia. When one goes away one takes this country with one and always wants to return again, even though one's home is in a lovelier, richer land.'

This is due to the fact that life in Arabia, with few exceptions, has been transformed only slightly by human hands. Crude nature was always stronger than man and prevented him from breaking up his existence into many different forms. It reduced the activities imposed by will and necessity to certain fundamental lines that have remained the same through the ages and that have gradually taken on the clear sharpness of a crystal, shaping the desires and existence of the Arabs. This has led to a consonance between life and manners such as is not easily found in any other people except primitives. But the Arabs have not been primitive for a long time. They are older than any Western nation.

How long have I been writing, oblivious of time? Now the camp fire is quite out and the night has almost gone. The stars still shine in the heaven and you might think that there was still time to sleep. But already a streak of light pierces the darkness in the east, a pale streak over a dark one, a white thread over a black thread. It means that dawn is approaching and the hour of morning prayer.

A cold wind, the breath of dawn, passes over my face. Now the stars are beginning to fade. *Telal*, get up, get up, it is time. Then stir up the fire and we shall make the coffee hot, for we want to saddle our camels and continue on our journey during a new day across the desert that widens our life.

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The fiftieth anniversary of the English Society for Psychical Research gave the British Broadcasting Corporation an opportunity to present this summary of authenticated revelations.

Spiritualism *Put to* Proof

By GERALD HEARD

From *The Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

JUST lately there have been signs that psychical research may be about to reach the stage in which definite records can be made, under control conditions, of supernormal phenomena—or what many researchers now prefer to call, I think wisely, by the noncommittal name of paranormal phenomena. Science is measurement, and when instruments of precision can be used to make records of paranormal occurrences then at last we are approaching the stage when the facts may be ordered into laws and we may begin to have a general idea as to what they mean. Let me try to tell you quite briefly how this state of affairs has come about.

I had better tell the story from the beginning because it is probably known only to very few people. It starts as far back as the war years and as far away as Austria. During the War a printer had his curiosity aroused by the fact that the officers of a regiment that was quartered near by came in regularly to his works to buy large sheets of white paper. Finally, they told him why they bought the paper. They wanted it for automatic writing with a planchette. This interested him, and after some time he persuaded the officers to hold a sitting in his house. The sitting led to his two young sons' becoming, in turn, mediums who aroused considerable interest.

Some of the sitters were so convinced that when they sat with the younger brother, Rudi Schneider, something of a paranormal kind took place that they persuaded the medium to undergo considerable control in the hopes of being able to obtain a record. Many sittings have now been held with Rudi Schneider, and several observers of scientific standing have

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been greatly impressed. I need only refer you to a letter in the *Times* a short time ago from Dr. William Brown, the reader in mental philosophy at Oxford, and that of Professor Fraser-Harris. These observers are convinced that things happened in their presence at the National Laboratory of Psychical Research which they could not explain either by fraud or by hallucination.

But of course that again does not take us further along this difficult path of exploration. For the last twenty years there have been eminent scientists who have told us that at seances they have witnessed the most remarkable paranormal phenomena. The fact remained that they brought back no tabulated record. But in the case of Rudi Schneider at last an advance beyond this position has been made.

You probably know that one of the greatest obstacles to the scientific investigation of paranormal phenomena is that the medium nearly always insists that the phenomena can take place only in the dark or in a subdued red light. The extraordinary awkwardness of judging phenomena—which, after all, means the appearances of things—when the conditions are such that things cannot be apparent needs no stressing. To get over the difficulty, objects that are to be moved, as evidence of the presence of a paranormal force, are touched with luminous paint. But this means only that you can see that the object is being moved, not that you can see what it is that is moving it, and after all that is the point at issue. The red-light illumination seems to offer a better chance of obtaining evidence, but, as Sir William Bragg pointed out when we were discussing the question some time ago, the red light may be even more unsatisfactory than the glimmer of luminous paint; for one of the queer things about a red light, he said, is that these lower rays are peculiarly bad in giving to the eye power of definition. In red light you see an object, as you think, comparatively clearly, but tests will show that the object under such a light lacks detail. And the worst is that unless you know about this unsatisfactory illuminating power of red light you think you are seeing the object almost as well as if it was lit by normal light. So it is clear that if mediums can produce phenomena in no brighter illumination than a red light there is a grave obstacle in the way of accepting the evidence of witnesses whose power of observation is so seriously limited.

II

Now Rudi Schneider is no exception to this unfortunate rule of mediums. He claims that he can produce his full phenomena only in these unsatisfactory conditions of illumination. But here science has lately come to the help of what seemed an almost impossibly difficult line of research.

You will probably remember that when the Shah of Persia's jewels were on show at the Persian Exhibition eighteen months ago they were guarded by an invisible ray. If anyone put his hand toward the jewels an alarm bell rang out. Though the intruder could neither see nor feel it, he had put his hand through the ray and so disturbed an electric contact and rung the bell. This device is now being used in many shop windows, and the other day I was shown an improve-

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ment made by the inventor to prevent smash-and-grab raids. As the thief puts his arm through the broken window he interferes with the invisible ray that is playing just behind the glass and the disturbed ray operates a snap shutter, which, with rubber grips, closes on the intruding arm and holds it fast. At this rate it will soon be easier and safer to try to rob a giant clam of its own pearl than to pluck jewels from a jeweler's show case.

Now it has occurred to psychical researchers that here in this ray is a means of getting over the obstacle that seemed to block the way to any scientific advance in the subject; and certainly there is now to hand a series of reports on the use of this ray in sittings with Rudi Schneider which demand the most careful attention. Among other researchers to whom Schneider has given regular sittings over a considerable time has been Dr. Osty of the Metapsychical Institute of Paris. Dr. Osty has a record as a researcher who has consistently aimed at obtaining objective records of paranormal phenomena. He persuaded Schneider to sit controlled by being securely held, and in this position to attempt to cause the movement of an object that was placed on a table well out of bodily reach. But—and here came in the value of the invisible infra-red ray—the object was surrounded by infra-red radiation, so that though it appeared to be in the dark and unguarded, the ray would be interfered with and a bell would sound should anything approach it. I can give you only the briefest outline here of what happened, but if you wish you can consult the illustrated account published in the last three bi-monthly issues of the *Metapsychical Review* published by Libraire Félix Alcan, Paris, or the book giving the complete history of this important investigation, issued by the same publishing firm.

Not only did the bell ring, but, when it rang, automatically four flashlight photos were taken which show quite clearly the medium seated at some distance from the table with his back to it and with his arms and legs held. It is also clear that there is nothing near the table that could have caused the bell to ring. In subsequent experiments the taking of the flashlight photograph was delayed in order to see how long the bell would continue to ring. The purpose of this was to see whether there was a connection between the intensely rapid breathing of the medium and the sending out of whatever force it is that disturbs the infra-red ray.

The breathing itself has to be heard to be believed. When I sat with this medium it was just like listening to someone pumping up a bicycle at top speed, and it went on without a break for more than an hour. There are records of his breathing at no less than 350 times a minute.

Now the connection between this frantic breathing and the emission of the paranormal force has been established. You will find, in the report of the sittings, recording graphs showing the relation between the breathing and the interference with the ray. They show that the substance that is touching the infra-red ray is always vibrating at just twice the medium's rate of breathing. Several other graphs showing the intensity of the force and its direction are also given. So at last we may say that the first records of

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paranormal phenomena have been made. At last we are on the threshold of a science whereby we may trace connections between known and unknown phenomena—as, for example, in this case between the breathing and the emanation—and so find out what are the limitations of these new phenomena and in this way finally arrive at the laws that govern them.

III

It is very apposite that this year should see this remarkable advance in psychical research because the English Society for Psychical Research has just celebrated its jubilee, after fifty years of patient work. This, then, is an occasion on which I think we may ask: After these fifty years what has the society to show for the work of so many distinguished men, many of them scientists of high standing?

It can, I think, point to a record of very valuable work. Of course, until science gave these new ways of recording in the dark it was not possible to make much scientific advance in the study of phenomena about which it is postulated that they can take place only in the dark. But there are other lines of research that psychical investigation can pursue; there are other paranormal faculties that do not necessarily demand a seance room and a medium before they can manifest themselves, though unfortunately they are rare and sporadic.

Undoubtedly the most important of these is telepathy. The word has become quite a commonplace one. You will usually hear people say when an occurrence of thought transference seems to have taken place; 'Oh, it's only telepathy.' But surely telepathy is one of the most upsetting notions that our minds, with their present outlook, can possibly entertain. The thought that part of my mind may at any moment be receiving from other, perhaps unknown, people news and views and notions and moods without my being aware of the leakage is surely extremely upsetting to all our notions of privacy and personal independence. And if, as the evidence seems to suggest, we most of us manage to give as good as we get, and are nearly all of us, on this mysterious wave length, not merely silent listeners but each a transmitting station also, well, that only adds to our sense of responsibility without giving us back our cherished sense of privacy.

I do not mean to suggest that most of us have the capacity to eavesdrop on each other to an unlimited extent. Telepathic connection, it seems, takes place through the subconscious mind, and for the vast majority of us connection between our conscious and subconscious minds is hardly more easy than looking directly into someone else's mind. But I think it grows extremely likely that, though matters of fact can be got through telepathically in comparatively few cases, we may all of us both radiate and pick up moods and states of mind.

Of course there is no doubt that we have found ourselves inclined to accept such notions of direct mental communication because of the wireless. The thought that waves that can be transformed into speech and music are all the while passing through our ears, though we can hear them only if we tune in, has undoubtedly made us able to accept telepathy in a way the pre-radio world would have thought utterly credulous. I am not myself at all certain that that analogy is sound.

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I am inclined to believe that those who care to investigate telepathy carefully not only will come to the conclusion that it exists, but will come to a conclusion quite as remarkable, that telepathy is only the first uncovered step toward a vast and buried knowledge.

But this easy familiarity with the word 'telepathy,' this sense that when you have so described any abnormal mental event you have settled the matter and laid the question, is a tribute, if rather an unhelpful one, to the solid work of the society. The mass of careful evidence it has collected, the patient use of confirmatory contemporary witnesses, statistical tests to rule out chance and coincidence, and the classification of material, can now leave no reasonable doubt in the mind of anyone who is industrious enough to read the immense accumulation and candid enough to admit a strange conclusion that this odd faculty does exist.

IV

Another subject on which the society has reported and the existence of which it is difficult in the face of the evidence to resist, though the laws governing it need elucidation, is water divining or dowsing. There again science has made it possible for us to accept the possibility to a degree impossible a generation ago. Geophysical surveying has already made electric, magnetic, and gravimetric instruments of such delicacy that not only can the presence of underground waters be recorded but also deposits of ores at a distance or depth of thousands of feet. And yet here, too, the analogy, though it helps us not to reject out of hand such a possibility as water divining, may not point to the true explanation. I mean the faculty may not be due to the water diviner's having a finer sensitiveness to electric currents than have ordinary people.

This is M. Henri Mager's hypothesis in his interesting book lately published over here on water divining. But there is good reason to believe that water divining has as little to do with electricity as telepathy has to do with radio. Water divining, like telepathy, may point to completely new faculties that apprehend conditions as completely beyond the world of waves and electrons, on which science to-day bases its work, as is that scientific world beyond the world of common sense, of trees and houses and solid earth and flowing water which is the world that ordinary people until a couple of generations ago always thought to be the whole world.

If then I may give you in conclusion my opinion as to where these investigations are pointing, I am inclined to say that they suggest we are approaching a completely new threshold of knowledge. Up till now whole generations lived out their lives under one system of ideas. Now several such systems pass during the lifetime of one generation. We were born into one world, our youth was spent in another, the next lasts perhaps just long enough to cover our middle age, and we may quite likely see several more before it is our turn to go. There is one compensation in such an unfamiliar way of living: when we come to die we shall have gone through so many complete changes that death itself will be only another move.

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BOOKS ABROAD

LE BONHOMME LÉNINE. *By Curzio Malaparte. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1932.*

(Louis Joxe in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

LENIN, THE GOOD FELLOW is a life of Lenin written from a special point of view, and it undoubtedly conflicts with the conventional picture we have formed of this great revolutionist. Malaparte endeavors to reveal in Lenin a petty bourgeois who was infinitely more dangerous to his bourgeois colleagues than the exotic monster with which people tried to frighten them. Many chapters are written with brilliant talent, and the author's powers of evocation and his dramatic art are not his only qualities. Life circulates everywhere. Why do we remember the descriptions of Lenin in London and Paris? Not merely because they analyze the hero but because they reveal the London and Paris of that time with charm and power. The author knows how to visualize things and how to make others see them. We have only to remember the impressive pictures he drew of the Russo-Polish war and the Russian revolution in his remarkable *Technique of the Coup d'État.*

What about the thesis of this book? We might as well admit that it often seems forced and artificial. Nevertheless, it is not the author's least merit that he provokes lively reactions against his talent, which threatens to carry the reader away and force him to come to biased conclusions despite himself. Why does Malaparte compare Lenin with the average Frenchman? Is it because Lenin led a petty-bourgeois life in London and Paris, because he liked to go bicycle riding, to pick flowers in the woods, and to busy himself with household tasks? Because he was never a man of action and regulated his life like an earnest bureaucrat of the revolution? Because he never stole, as Stalin did, and never directed factories while financing riots, as Krassin did? Because he was a simple fellow, as one of his Paris companions saw, who, nevertheless, simplified him to excess, seeing him only from the outside? Was Lenin a good fellow and a petty bourgeois at heart because all his life he remained fanatical, theoretic, bookish, calculating, scientific, and would, according to Gambarov, have made an excellent professor?

Of course, there were all these elements in Lenin, but the bias of Malaparte and his limited canvas force us to imagine all the rest for ourselves. It is like imagining what Bonaparte would have been without his battles and what Julius Cæsar was before ambition seized him. We are reminded of a criticism directed at André Maurois when he wrote his admirable life of Shelley entitled *Ariel.* The book possessed the finest qualities; it was essentially poetic; but it described the man's life without giving us any reason to suspect that he had written some of the most beautiful poems in the English language. In this case, I know that the author may reply, 'That was not my object,' but, in spite of everything, one cannot ignore

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certain essentials, which, in Shelley's case, had nothing to do with his amorous adventures, and in Lenin's had nothing to do with his bourgeois life. A man's history is not only made up of his life but of everything that his life includes in its design, of everything that he wrote and of everything that others saw in him.

Moreover, was n't Lenin a man of action when he resisted the temporizing tendencies of his companions all alone in London? Did n't he boldly take sole responsibility for the decision to sign the Peace of Brest-Litovsk and for the decision to make the strategic retreat known as the 'Nep'? Did not Bukharin in his funeral oration before the Communist Academy recall the audacity of the solutions that Lenin imposed on his companions at decisive moments? Was n't it this same fanatical theorist, this bourgeois, this wild doctrinaire who wrote in the *Problems of Power of the Soviets* that 'we must change methods when circumstances change,' and who several times jotted down in his notebooks these words of Clausewitz: 'Truth does not reside in systems'? Was n't he the man who changed his tactics every time the Duma changed its personnel and direction, and, finally, was n't he the typical military leader of present-day conflicts who lived far from his troops, made them manœuvre, foresaw, calculated, and gave them their direction? Did n't he create his army and the party that followed him all his life? What force his personality and ideas must have had to touch the uneducated Stalin while still a young man in his native Georgia. If he possessed a bourgeois character how explain the extraordinary magnetism that made him into a revered, undisputed leader? Indeed, he might well have been called 'General Lenin.'

Nevertheless, let us be grateful to Malaparte for having written a book of such quality after his first book on the *coup d'état*. He stimulates the mind. He raises many questions that will lead to discussion. He opens a debate that becomes a dispute between action and theory. We find ourselves asking whether, in a life like Lenin's, thought is not a slow audacity no less effective than rapid, temporary gestures, whether theory is not always backed by action. We ask ourselves whether we can make the usual distinctions. The key to a life like his is summed up in this curious statement of Joseph de Maistre: 'If you imprison a Russian desire under a fortress it will blow the fortress up.'

RADETZKY-MARSCH. *By Joseph Roth. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1932.*

(Hermann Kesten in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

IN JOSEPH ROTH'S new novel, *Radetzky-Marsch*, we again find his poetic spirit, his incorruptible honesty in describing human beings, and the melodious, persuasive wisdom of his luxuriant, powerful language. We find memorable characters and beautiful phrases that express the life feeling of a whole epoch. We find despair and courage, the fire of emotion, the icy coldness of logic, the lively scope of poetic vision, and the tragic irony of destiny. But what distinguishes this new novel from all its forerunners and makes it a rare and rich addition to the new German literature is its epic enchantment, its epic fullness, which is not a fullness of detail but a balance

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of objective description, a classic capacity to take the wide, epic point of view that is at once a philosophy and a technique.

The history through three generations of the Trotta family of Austria parallels the history of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy from the Battle of Solferino to the death of Emperor Francis Joseph. The family rises from peasant anonymity through grandfather, father, and son, maintains itself a while, and then sinks. The grandfather passes through the same phase of theatrical Spanish pomp that the huge Empire underwent; the father, an honorable state official, incorporates in his person the gradual decline of the monarchy; the son possesses the same futile brilliance that characterized Austria's last days; and the family finally disappears with the Emperor shortly before the Empire itself ends.

Grandfather Joseph Trotta was a Slovenian lieutenant who saved the Emperor's life in the Battle of Solferino by pulling him to the ground. In recognition of this exploit he was made a captain and given a title. Then, one day, he encountered the legendary hero into whom he had been transformed in the schoolbooks. He could not understand why the royalist schoolbooks should not tell the simple truth about what he had done. As an individual he tried to correct the state, not by force but with a simple faith in the general reasonableness of the world. Quite politely his petitions were refused. He resigned.

His son became the leading citizen of his district and brought up the grandson, Carl Joseph, strictly. But whereas the son, Freiherr von Trotta, retained some of his correct opinions and a cheerful willingness to do his duty, a comparatively patriotic righteousness within the confines of a limited life, whereas he felt comfortable as part of a well-ordered state network that embraced millions of individuals, almost the same sensations and circumstances made the grandson, Carl Joseph, feel that life was completely futile. His short career in the shadow of Austria's impending collapse symbolizes the career of a whole nation of similar descendants, a whole world of descendants.

AT THE age of twenty 'he armed himself to endure life.' Our passive hero drank a few cognacs with Sergeant Major Slama, a widower whom he had once made a cuckold; he betrayed his best friend, the Jewish regimental doctor, Max Demant, before whom he knelt and wept in a cemetery a few hours before this friend was shot for his sake in a duel; he 'was unspeakably depressed because he was a tool in the hands of misfortune'; as a lieutenant of infantry on the Russian frontier he became a drinker and gambler, a dead beat and lost soul who was always having the same experience, an experience that led to death in every chapter of his life. Of all the many occurrences that kept repeating themselves, the most important was his constant conception of himself as the last Trotta, the last of his kind. He had a love affair with an older woman, thus entering into adulterous relations for the third time, for each of his three love affairs were with married women. He had two friends, of whom one was shot in a duel and the other went mad. His father had an audience with the Emperor to prevent Carl

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Joseph from deserting the army, but the young lieutenant took French leave anyway and became a steward for Count Choynicki. When war broke out he enlisted and fell in one of the first frontier attacks with two canteens in his hand, attempting to bring water to his thirsty soldiers. A 'hero' with two canteens in his hand, an unfortunate, half-baked, and long-since-discredited hero.

Of course, he is not the real hero at all. The real hero of this novel is Austria, which is slowly dying of an infinitely sweet and charming melancholy. For Austria, too, is a passive hero. Between its glamour at the beginning of the book and its gray, rain-swept decline at the end, a human culture lives out its life along with certain irretrievably vanished figures and a luxury-loving, closefisted nobility. The painfully sweet resignation and the majestic melancholy of a vanished, strangely beautiful world come to life, but the most animated character of all is the great figure of his Apostolic Majesty, the Emperor and King, Francis Joseph I, who is also the passive hero of this book. This long-lived, legendary Emperor, who was truly imperial, serves as the prototype of many of the other figures in the novel. He appears as the basic representative of the widely spread old-school Austrian. Old Trotta's son resembles him, all the officials and servants of old Austria are like so many of his shadows. Rarely in modern literature has a dynastic type been depicted so mercilessly and fully. This Emperor is the essence and symbol of declining Austria.

With pure, symbolic artistry Joseph Roth transforms ideas into visible feelings, sense impressions into pictures, and passionate outbursts into the simple, moving expressions of everyday speech. Like every true, creative artist he transforms ordinary language into something new. Roth's style, which is rich in adjectives denoting color and full of rhythmically soft tones, suggests both painting and music. It is a rare combination of melody and sculpture, melancholy and keenness, sensitiveness and intelligence. His emotions are romantic, his style classic. The thoughts and ideas that underlie this novel are revolutionary, but its language and manner are conservative. The most melodious pessimism is softened by a love of life inherent in the world Roth describes. The tragic irony of destiny expresses itself in symbols. His pictorial language makes him resemble the great painters of a past era and of a great, vanished Empire. Hundreds of his pictures represent scenes of human life that seem to have disappeared forever, but in these pictures, as in all great art, our own life is mirrored and gently reflected. The world of his enchanting novel becomes a novel of our own world.

LA BALANCE FAUSSÉE. *By Edmond Jaloux. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1932.*

(Gabriel Brunet in *Je Suis Partout*, Paris)

ANCIENT philosophy asserts that our world, with its suns, stars, and human dust, is the fantastic dream of a god. It is difficult to prove this doctrine, but it gives a plausible vision of the universe. I might add that if we occasionally substitute the word 'nightmare' for the word 'dream' our desire to understand this strange world is almost gratified.

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I do not know whether Edmond Jaloux subscribes to this philosophy of illusion, but I know that his characters seem like shadows floating through some universal dream. Conrad Virevol is a conscientious bureaucrat, but his life as a scrivener, or, if you like, his life as a social man is merely a kind of sleepwalking activity in which his real self is not engaged at all. His true existence, his conflicts of shadow and light, the numerous collapses of his hopes and his plots, consist of a procession of interior phantoms. It is easy to imagine Conrad Virevol and certain other characters of Edmond Jaloux dwelling completely removed from everything in a kind of monologue that would last as long as their passage through our world. At its best such a way of life could be an adventure as rich in variety as all the struggles and surprises of Ulysses during the ten years that he was subject to the caprices of a changing sea. 'Everything is an adventure, reading is an adventure, traveling is an adventure, loving is an adventure.' Yes, everything is an adventure and even absence of adventure is one of the most moving forms of adventure. Our destinies are exciting by virtue of everything that they bring us and likewise by virtue of everything that they do not bring us. Adventure is essentially a disposition of soul, a certain way of regarding the world, and one never finds it anywhere unless one carries it within one.

The word 'marginal' obsesses me when I think of Edmond Jaloux's characters. By marginal I mean that his characters are attracted chiefly by their own interior activity. They are eager to live off that part of themselves which is most singular. Hence they all tend to separate themselves from the human throng and to become isolated in their peculiarities. Their essential problem is to gain entrance to a world of fantasy where everything most inexpressible is expressed. These insular creatures—Conrad Virevol defines himself as 'someone isolated, someone exceptional, someone who feels that he is on the margin of everybody's existence'—feel that they are incomplete. A kind of boredom and homesickness works within them. They try to escape from themselves, to mingle their destiny with others, but the love for which they yearn is of a very special nature. It is not a festival of the senses or an exalted kind of passion; it is rather a pretext to accelerate their own ability to dream and to keep their world of fantasy fresh with new life.

Such dreamers recklessly skirt the world of madness and some of them do not escape it. The people that inhabit *The False Balance* belong to an abnormal part of humanity. Berthe Virevol, the sister of Conrad, is a living sacrifice to the tyranny of obsessions. While still a child she begins, without being quite aware of it, to feel a disturbing sensation toward her father accompanied by a frenzied jealousy of her mother. A carefully hidden family drama emerges. When the father disappears from the scene the girl transfers her dark affection to her brother, resulting in a new family drama. As you see, Edmond Jaloux does not reject Freud. This world of dreamers that never stops spinning personal chimeras is destined for the most terrible catastrophes. The subtle, distinguished atmosphere that M. Jaloux so skillfully creates conceals a tragedy

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that in no way falls behind those whose terror intoxicated the ancient Greeks.

CONRAD VIREVOL is employed in a government office and is also a man of letters. He is a bachelor who lives with his sister Berthe, a spinster of forty who keeps house. Their life seems quiet and the hours pass smoothly in their habitual course. From the start, Edmond Jaloux plays with mental monologues. Each of the contradictory tendencies that exist in Conrad Virevol successfully expresses itself. His ambition and love of danger counsel Conrad to abandon his job and risk everything for a single stake; his bourgeois love of ease advises prudence, while his desire for adventure suggests that he is haunted by the vision of a woman who might transfigure his monotonous life. Conrad can give himself over to the most extraordinary feats of imagination, which he pays for with profound melancholy. Occasionally, he receives a group of friends in his house. That is his chief distraction. It is not surprising that a man who is chiefly curious about himself yields to the pleasure of describing himself in conversation. Drawing on his imagination, he asserts that he adores to wander through Paris, a likable quality.

Seen from another angle, Conrad Virevol is a schizoid and a maniac. Unconsciously he becomes a little comic. The imagination has a marvelous power of compensating for the insufficiencies of mediocre destinies. Yet Conrad makes us smile when he enters a grocery store and lets his dream run riot by plunging his hands into sacks containing different kinds of grain. Let us not quarrel with him. Conrad is a childlike man and proud of having remained so.

To-day we have two myths about childhood. On the one hand, childhood is a synonym for poetry, dreams, and naïveté. It stands for the virginal human spirit unsullied by reality. But the Freudian myth of childhood is quite different. Freud has defined the child as a 'polymorphous pervert.' In other words, we adults are content to be monstrous in only one or two respects, whereas the child has not yet made his choice. He runs the whole gamut. I believe that both these myths are included in M. Jaloux's novel. Berthe, in her early years, was in love with her father and hated her mother. Her brother Conrad, on the other hand, never outgrew the ideal childhood, that is, the freshness and spontaneity of the profound soul.

I make no mention of the secondary characters, many of whom are curious. Nor shall I say much about Berthe, that melancholy victim of violent impulses who weighs so heavily on the destiny of her brother Conrad and who twice makes the drama run with blood as the result of her diseased obsessions. I have simply tried to indicate the human types that inhabit M. Jaloux's novel and at the same time to point out certain themes peculiar to the romantic universe of to-day. Edmond Jaloux has his own world. It is not inhabited by characters who camp out under a burning sun. They are more the children of sorrow, who are forbidden any great struggles and splendid victories. They are enveloped in a tender halo of dreams, melancholy, neurosis, and poetry. They bear a bizarre resemblance to each other because of their

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eagerness for inner exaltation. They are anguished poets who cut themselves out kingdoms in the world of chimeras, and whose chimeras surround and consume them. They are twilight creatures whose unfulfilled destinies radiate an impalpable atmosphere. Tragedy inspires, seizes, and breaks them. This 'marginal' poetry in which they seek refuge is not tolerated by real life. Edmond Jaloux is clearly an elegant and delicate novelist, but he is also a novelist of melancholia and perhaps of the hopelessness of a world in which action is not the sister of fantasy.

SÜDAMERIKANISCHE MEDITATIONEN. *By Count Hermann Keyserling. Stuttgart and Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. 1932.*

(Otto von Taube in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich)

SOUTH AMERICAN MEDITATIONS is Keyserling's masterpiece. Without any doubt it is a work of fulfillment in which his rich, outgiving personality yields the highest gifts that it has to offer, gifts that were always awaited by those who were aware of the author's capabilities. The *Meditations* is quite a different kind of book from the widely read *European Spectrum* and the book on North America. It is more like *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, which he wrote before the War while still a very young man. Whereas the books on North America and Europe attempted to deal with those two specific continents objectively, the *Travel Diary* and the *Meditations* merely use foreign scenes to aid the author in reaching conclusions of a much more profound nature. In the *Travel Diary* Keyserling, taking as his motto 'Know thyself,' tried to clarify his own personality. This meant describing the varied sights that he saw, and, since he was young at the time, he often wished that both he and the world were different from what they were. In the *Meditations* South America also serves as a mirror, but it does not reflect his own personality; it reflects humanity.

In it Keyserling has tried to describe the inner man in all his aspects. It is not an attempt at exterior observation or personal exploitation. It is self-expression, pure and simple revelation of the real inner man. It is not philosophy, but poetry, world poetry. But do not make the mistake of thinking that South America is merely a symbol of meditation that has served Keyserling as a pretext for writing this book and that his experiences and observations bear only a chance relationship to that particular continent. South America and no other place could have given Keyserling the impressive experience out of which his reflections have grown, and it is certainly providential that he came in contact with it at an age when he was ripe for these experiences, visions, and reflections.

Hermann Keyserling was not widely known in Germany until he founded his School of Wisdom in Darmstadt shortly after the War, and it is therefore to be expected that he should be judged by the teaching of that school. Some of his opponents have accused him of not showing sufficient respect for love, and others regard him as a crusader for the 'soulless' spirit. To Keyserling spirit and intellect never meant the same thing. Yet at Darmstadt he emphasized the

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principle of the Logos, of the spirit, and only those who knew him personally or could read between the lines knew that his accentuation of the Logos did not mean that he underestimated or misunderstood Eros, for both principles always existed within him.

The *Meditations* are an expression of Keyserling's 'totality.' This totality is that of a man who is really developed on every side. The *Meditations* grew out of emotional experience, not out of cool observation, and in them the voice of Eros is heard as much as the voice of the Logos. There is just as much naturalness and sensuousness as there is spirituality. Written in ecstasy, haste, and fever, it is an exciting book. Yet it would not be just to say that a different or a new Keyserling is speaking. On the contrary, it is the whole Keyserling who speaks. Previously, he has shown only certain sides of his nature. The *Meditations*, let me repeat, is a total fulfillment.

The basic teaching of the *Meditations* may be defined as follows. Man is composed of earth and spirit. He belongs with the greater part of his being entirely to the earth, and his soul too is of the earth. The deepest sorrow arises from the depths of the earth, not from the depths of the spirit. Nevertheless, it is only the spirit that frees and redeems, only in it and from it can joy arise—and Keyserling says 'joy,' not 'cheerfulness.' In and of itself the soul is dark and gruesome, imprisoned in nature with its meaningless rotation of birth and death, full of pain as soon as the first rays of the spirit shine upon it, and from that time forth full of yearning and a desire for salvation. But the soulless life is likewise terrible, for then nature is violated and existence becomes automatic, inhuman, devilish. By the same token, spirituality alone offers no salvation, for the spirit can lead to damnation as well as redemption. Nor is the possession of a soul in itself enough, though it is the prerequisite of all spiritualization that does not lead to dehumanization.

BUT I do not want to appear too prosaic in the presence of a book that owes its life to the spirit of Dionysus, although it is also illuminated by the clarity of Apollo. The foreign continent that Keyserling is so vividly describing at once seizes hold of us, seems close at hand, and becomes part of us as soon as we have read the first few pages. It is the continent of the third day of creation, the continent of luxuriantly fertile soil, the continent of a still secretly living earth spirit, the continent of earth-born, earth-bound reptiles and earthy, earth-bound men with the slow, cool blood of serpents. America's symbol is the serpent, but the old Indian cults worshiped the feathered serpent, the serpent that would like to fly but could not yet do so.

The people of South America are still very young. The spirit has just begun to penetrate their souls, and they still live under the domination of the *gana*. (This Spanish word has had its meaning changed in South America, where it signifies an irresistible, overpowering urge of an instinctive variety.) South Americans dwell entirely in an emotional world, in a world of deep, noble feelings, and even the most distinguished of them are often carried away by impulse. They remind Keyserling of the young fal-

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cons with which he was brought up. But the impulsive, falconlike courage of primitive man, although noble, is used in the service of primitive fear and hunger. Real courage exists only when man has subdued nature and, contrary to his impulses of self-preservation and free from the primitive hunger and fear that led him to fight for food and security, is willing to risk himself for higher aims. The fighting savage who dies in battle is merely obeying his will to live, whereas the conscious warrior has overcome that instinct.

Between the two lies the dawn of the spirit. Courage and faith are the finest gifts of the spirit. The birth of the spirit brings the first rays of consciousness, and, since they make man aware of his bondage to earth and initiate his struggle against instinct, they are painful. That is why South America, where the spirit is just coming to life, is the continent of sorrow, for the man whose spirit is completely developed is joyful. Nature, from whose domination he has freed himself, is no longer taken seriously, with all its urges, hungers, fears, suffering, and death, which, to the natural man, are the most serious things in the world. That is why, to the natural man, the spiritual man does not seem serious but playful, which indeed he is.

Keyserling has entitled the last chapter in his book '*Divina Commedia*,' but the whole performance is a divine comedy that should be read in the spirit of Dante. In its pages we follow Keyserling through the tortuous, dank, earthly regions of hell, then through the redeeming fire of sorrow into a paradise of play, freedom, and light. I have only been able to show the reader the path on the map. I have not been able to reproduce everything that he will see and everything that the path offers. For that one must turn to the great book itself.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

D'Annunzio to Piccard

WHEN Professor Piccard's balloon landed on Italian soil near Lake Garda one of the first people to welcome him was D'Annunzio. In recent years the Italian poet-aviator has rarely left the seclusion of his estate, but on this occasion he dashed by automobile to the landing field, where Piccard had barely time to change from the bathing trunks in which he had made the trip into a regular suit of clothes before D'Annunzio was upon him in his gondola, embracing him, kissing him, and proclaiming that he no longer wanted Italy to fight Yugoslavia but that now his ambition was to rise to the stratosphere and write there in a balloon under the inspiration of the near-by stars. He promised that he would visit Piccard in Brussels and then announced to the assembled officers on the flying field: 'Regardless of my attacks on Piccard's pacifism, our war cry remains, "*Spalato.*"' Later he issued the following tribute in the *Corriere della Sera* in reply to a message from Piccard:—

'Descending from the hostile stratosphere within sight of this submissive lake, why have you suddenly thought of me as of a secret brother? Undoubtedly because you felt beating against your heart that is so vast the heart of one who has incessantly but vainly aspired between life and death to be more than a man. On waking from your blind rest in a dreary hotel bed you uttered to my aviation colonel thoughts that were both promising and graceful. You expressed to him the desire to address your first greeting to me.

'I have received it. And is n't it really a message from a great poet to a solitary worker who wanted to attain through poetry the extreme of audacity in the face of doubt and destiny? Thus, like a keen and indomitable hero, you have demonstrated the falseness of that lazy phrase-maker, La Rochefoucauld, who said that one cannot look fixedly on the sun and death. At the same time you disdain to contemplate glory. You mix a few wisps of Italian grass with soft fruit and a morsel of stale bread. I offer you, very greatly battered, to be sure, an aquiline image that is beginning to fall out of fashion with you. But the saying that illustrates it seems to belong to you: "*Più alto e più oltre.*" Ever higher and ever different, as a Frenchman once said in the time of the chansons de geste. Since I am convinced that you will presently soar still higher, be so good, in memory of this marvelous visit brought about by I know not what obscure fate, as to take me along as a sack of ballast to be thrown out first or last. Save me from dying between shameful sheets, in the miasma that passes for spirit and in the mephitis that passes for soul among all human bipeds. *Quies in sublimi.* Adieu. And without adieu. Yours entirely,

Gabriele D'Annunzio'

Coward at His Best

NOEL COWARD'S new revue, *Words and Music*, which opened in London shortly after *Cavalcade* by the same author had terminated a long and successful engagement, has received the usual superlative indorsements from the critics, one of whom in the highly articulate *New Statesman and Nation* said that his enthusiasm prevented him from describing the wonders he had viewed and urged all his readers to see 'Coward at his best' for themselves. Other witnesses have luckily succeeded in telling what they saw, and apparently the high points of the evening are parodies of *Journey's End* and *The Miracle*, some burlesque ballets, and night-club sentimentality. The lines of

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'Children of the Ritz,' as printed in the *Daily Telegraph*, are said to capture the atmosphere of the production as a whole. Here they are:—

Children of the Ritz,
Children of the Ritz,
Sleek and civilized,
Fretfully surprised;
Though Mr. Molyneux has gowned us
The world is tumbling round us,
Without a sou
What can we do?
We'll soon be begging for a crust—
We can't survive
And keep alive
Without the darling Bankers' Trust.
In the lovely gay
Years before the crash
Mr. Cartier
Never asked for cash.
Now shops we patronized are serving us with writs,
What's going to happen to the children of the Ritz?
Children of the Ritz,
Children of the Ritz,
Vaguely debonair,
Only half aware
That all we've counted on is breaking into bits.
What shall we do?
What's going to happen to
The foolish little children of the Ritz?

Another outstanding lyric, 'Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun,' has been sung before American audiences by Lady Peel, alias Beatrice Lillie.

Kreuger, Anatole France, and Art

TWO auctions, one of Ivar Kreuger's art collection and the other of Anatole France's, have revealed that the Swedish match king had a better flair for authentic old masters than for authentic stock certificates whereas the æsthetic Frenchman was more astute in the accumulation of money than in the selection of masterpieces. Figures tell the story. The Kreuger collection brought 636,000 crowns—about $112,000—and the pictures of Anatole France brought only 300,000 francs—about $12,000. The features of the Kreuger collection included Courbet's 'Self Portrait with a Violincello,' which commanded the top price of 20,000 crowns, Raeburn's 'Portrait of a Man,' purchased for Mrs. Morehead, wife of the American ambassador to Sweden, a Ruysdael landscape, Tintoretto's 'Papal Ambassador,' Rodin's statue of a man walking, and a Gobelin tapestry of Venus calling upon Neptune to save Telemachus.

The Anatole France auction was the result of a fiasco. During the War France had asked to have his picture collection, in which he took great pride, given safe keeping in Touraine, and when he died he willed it, via his wife, to the city of Paris. But when it was discovered that the pictures were almost all copies the city refused the collection, which was offered for sale at the Hotel Drouot. A so-called Raphael fetched 520 francs, a so-called Rubens 350, and a so-called Van Dyck 145, but the four genuine pictures in the collection, one each by Guardi, Prud'hon, Corneille de Lyon, and Lacroix de Marseille, were estimated to have brought their true value. The names of France and Kreuger are also associated because the Kreuger crash forced the daughter-in-law of Mme. de Caillavet to sell her collection of Anatole France manuscripts, which her mother-in-law had assembled in the days when she presided over the salon at which their author was the dominating figure.

Maugham's New Play

WHILE preparing for the London presentation of his new play, *To Account Rendered*, Somerset Maugham announced some of his views on the theatre in general and on his own work in particular. Interviewed by G. W. Bishop of the *Sunday Times*, Mr. Maugham said that he plans to write only one more play:—

'Playwriting is a young man's job; it depends so largely on current feelings and habits, and at my age I really am not inter-

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ested in the Bright Young People and their doings. I have lost touch with the modern movement. I must, of course, be intensely interested in the great subjects: life, death, war, and starvation, but the theatre depends so much on the less important things of life.'

'You missed out love,' Mr. Bishop remarked. 'Don't you regard that as one of the great subjects?'

'There you are,' Mr. Somerset Maugham said, with one of his quiet smiles. 'That omission shows that I am really getting old! Of course love is a great subject, but at my age I cannot get excited about it. When I started writing plays chastity, infidelity, a woman's honor, and all that sort of thing were startling subjects for a dramatist. Nowadays nobody worries much about them.'

'Is that, in your opinion, a good thing?'

'For the playwright it is a very bad thing, for his chief subject has gone! No, I shall write one more play this winter and then I shall finish.'

Maugham has no great respect for the average playwright and believes that plays should be written rapidly and produced immediately afterward:—

'I have always written very quickly, but I am slower than I used to be as a young man. The last play took me about six weeks to get down on paper, but I had been thinking about it for six or seven years. Before I start writing, the whole thing is thoroughly mapped out in my head, and I rarely revise the construction. The dialogue is revised, for, like other authors, I am naturally verbose, and in the final stage version I cut everything that I possibly can out of the play.

'I am tired of all the talk about the difficulty of playwriting, and there is altogether too much fuss in these days about the theatre. In an ideal state of things a play should be written in a fortnight, produced in a fortnight, and acted for six weeks.

'I am not talking about masterpieces. I am thinking of the ordinary everyday play that is intended as entertainment. It reaches the stage with such an absurd "to-do" on the part of authors, managers, and actors. There is a great deal too much anxiety about the whole thing, whereas in Elizabethan days plays were written and presented in a few weeks. Again it is the fault of the public, with its demand for new frocks and fresh scenery for each production.'

Most critics believe that *The Circle* is Maugham's best play, but he is not satisfied with it and prefers *The Land of Promise*.

'Looking at my work as detachedly as an author can, I should say that from the technical standpoint the second act of *The Land of Promise* was the best thing I had written. I never thought the mechanism of *The Circle* very good. Somehow I felt that it could have been worked out better. In writing a play you do the best you can with a subject. When it is finished you are sometimes conscious that it might have been better, and yet you yourself cannot improve it. I realize my own faults even more acutely than the critics, and am only too aware when my inventiveness has failed me. To me, *The Circle* is not quite right, and I know that I could never make it quite right.'

The theme of his new play he described as 'this muddle of a post-war world—a subject that demands to be treated by any dramatist. Mr. Shaw can find no solution; neither can I.'

Knox versus Inge

DELIVERING his presidential address before the Modern Churchmen's Conference at Bristol, Dean Inge devoted most of his energies to attacking the Roman Catholic Church, an institution he dislikes almost as much as he does the United States—and for the same reason, that it is not English. A few days later Father Ronald Knox, one of the most active Romanist converts in the country,

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replied to the Dean's charges in the columns of the *Daily Herald*, which, as the organ of the Labor Party, used to be more concerned with terrestrial reform than with spiritual salvation.

'I do not suppose,' began the Dean, 'that we contemplate the possibility that one of the greatest nations of the world can return in sackcloth and ashes to the allegiance to an Italian priest which we threw off in the sixteenth century. Such a repudiation of our historical position as a great independent Church would be unthinkable.'

To which Father Knox replied, 'But the word "Italian" is not really operative. The French dislike the Italians much more than we do, but the French Catholics do not fear a Pope who is Italian by accident of birth, because they know that his sympathies are as wide as the world. No, what the Dean minds is a Pope who is not an Englishman.'

'The attractiveness of Catholicism,' continued the Dean, 'is very complex. The strongest weapon in her armory is mere bluff. Catholicism has studied and adapted itself to human nature at every point, chiefly, no doubt, to the nature of the Mediterranean peoples, who are still largely pagan; but it appeals to many northerners as well.'

'This,' retorted Father Knox, 'is a very extraordinary thing. Here are the modern Churchmen who "almost all take the same view and refuse to condemn those who limit their families from reasonable motives," who are not quite certain what should be their attitude to the different problems "about permitting euthanasia in cases of incurable illness and the painless extinction of incorrigibly anti-social persons." Some of them, we are told, would be prepared to tolerate a further approach to the ecclesiastical recognition of divorce. Here on the other side you have the Catholic Church, notoriously unfriendly toward divorce and birth prevention, forbidding suicide and insisting that death, though it may be inflicted as the penalty of a fault, may not be inflicted for purposes of mere social convenience. Now I do not ask here who is right—the modern Churchman or the Catholic. Probably there would be more than one view among my readers. I only ask in all candor and common sense whether it is Catholicism or modern Churchmanship that "has studied and adapted itself to human nature at every point."

When Dean Inge referred to the conversion of various men of letters, 'none perhaps of the first rank,' Father Knox became more indignant: 'I do not quite see how you would draw up a first rank among men of letters in this country which did not include Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Maurice Baring. It would have to be a rather exclusive list if it made no mention of Mr. Alfred Noyes, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, and Sheila Kaye-Smith. Would Danish letters be complete without Jorgensen, or Norwegian without Undset? But, of course, the innuendo goes much further than this. The Dean wants the public to imagine that conversion is a fad among the literary romantics; wants it to forget that every year twelve thousand people, quite ordinary people, not more or less stupid than the general run of us, find conversion possible, and the yoke of the Italian priest an easy one.'

But Dean Inge's real religion is that of all good Englishmen—patriotism—and his closing remarks about the national Church show what emotions stir his soul most profoundly: 'Finally, I do not hesitate to say that we must work upon our own national ideals. The best Englishman is a thorough Englishman, and the best Frenchman is a thorough Frenchman. Let the Church of England be a Church that could only exist in England, the soul of one of the great nations of the world. That will be our best contribution to the symphony of humanity, the combined orchestra of Christendom raising a hymn of praise to the glory of God the Father.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America Learns Adversity

A LEADING British industrialist who returned recently from a visit to the United States gave his views on the future of the country to a representative of the *Daily Telegraph* of London. Since he preferred to remain anonymous, he chose as his medium a newspaper whose reputation guarantees the high authority of the speaker without having to reveal his identity:—

I see no outlet for America and her troubles for some time to come. She will need a long spell of peace to surmount her present anxieties, and I believe she is slowly realizing this herself. To begin with, America is really a world of its own, and has always believed that, whatever might happen elsewhere, it was exempt from the sort of troubles that afflict Europe. War to the American has always seemed a feud between kings and emperors, and not the result of any deep and patriotic feeling on the part of a people.

Again, Americans have devoted the whole of their thought and energy to the business side of life, rather than to politics. Their university youth have regarded politicians as climbers who earn only ridicule and condemnation. Nor have they been satisfied to settle down and work as hard as their fathers did. They want to find short cuts to fortune.

For another thing, the environment of Americans was such that they had an immense belief in their opportunities, and could feel but remote interest or sympathy with countries that were staggering under very different burdens.

I am afraid that much of America's present depression is due largely to past extravagance, and the way vast sums of money have been invested in non-revenue-earning improvements. Immense buildings have been put up to a height of fifty stories, and others higher still have been erected by rival concerns, until the only limit to this form of ambition has been the sky.

Then came the reaction, and Americans have seen the truth of what Mr. Morgan used to say—that it takes a long time for such securities to be digested. Naturally, a first experience of disillusion and disappointment on so extensive a scale has produced profound dejection, and the consequences of speculation have been, if not exaggerated, certainly presented in too sensational a form.

Everybody to-day measures his success by the boom period, when there may have been a momentary peak quotation for securities; and there has never been any real possibility of those high figures' being reached. On the other hand, people talk of their lowest quotations when they institute comparisons. The truth may be that the majority of such fortunes have consisted largely of paper.

Are there any traces of benefit from the diminished tide of immigration? Undoubtedly. Apart from the effects of the quota limit, there is an increasing outward flow of migration, for people who see no probability of making a living in America are drifting back to Europe. This is a marked symptom of third-class traffic on the Atlantic to-day.

At one time America was disposed to be critical of our social legislation. To-day, in the light of her present experience, she takes a more lenient view. Whether she will escape the dole I do not know. It is as critical a subject of discussion in the United States to-day as Prohibition used to be. Several centres have already gone on the dole, and the example may spread. I could cite instances of people who used

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to measure their wealth by millions of dollars, but now are content to talk of thousands, and many more who cannot boast of any income at all. As with individuals, so with the nation. Americans have never really experienced adversity till now. It was a word outside their vocabulary. Consequently, they are at present in the dazed state of people who have been dosed with chloroform.

I believe the result will be to deepen and strengthen the American character. But, as I have said, the process may be a long one. It is not a question of natural reversion, but of national character and grit.

Europeanized America

WRITING from Washington in the *Prager Tagblatt* shortly after President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia had spoken over the radio to the American people, Dr. Georg Kalousek amplified the President's theory that the United States is becoming more like Europe:—

In his radio address to the American people in honor of George Washington, President Masaryk emphasized the connections between the New and the Old World and pointed to the Europeanization of the one and the Americanization of the other. Europeanization is indeed the most striking aspect of socio-political life in America, if by Europeanization one means the strong and costly hand of the state, with growing military expenditures, increasing taxation, the unrest of the masses, and recognition of the principle that the rich must care for the poor. America is approaching this 'ideal.' The time has past when Americans were hardly aware of their state and hardly noticed the functioning of their government. The 1931 budget came to the amazing sum of ten billion dollars. There is a Treasury deficit, unprecedented in peace time, of two billions. At night the illuminated Capitol tells the inhabitants of Washington that Congress is in session. What with unemployment and the stagnation of big and little business, it is difficult to get much more out of empty pockets. New federal buildings are shooting up in Washington like toadstools after rain. While Secretary of Commerce, President Hoover caused a Department of Commerce building the size of a labyrinth to be built, but it is now standing half empty. The Government is so used to prosperity that it will not retrench. Some say that eleven million dollars have been thrown away.

Japan's position as a Great Power in the Far East is improving steadily, and America has no official relations with Russia. During the Manchurian conflict people had to sit back and watch the peace institutions, the Kellogg Pact and the League of Nations, being placed in a difficult position. The network of American capital investments, which extends over the entire world, could easily be broken, and it must be protected. Therefore the navy is the chief concern of the Administration. People talk about steering clear of Europe, but they remain in contact with it. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Mellon's negotiations in London are for the purpose of gaining support for America in England, since it was not forthcoming in Paris. Disarmament is the great aim of American foreign policy. In this question it not only accompanies Europe but wishes to precede it. Armaments cost the United States more than any other nation. Although there is no place for militarism, it cannot be said that the military spirit is being neglected. The high schools and many of the colleges have introduced military drill, for which the Government provides the necessary instructors and weapons.

The economic crisis and unemployment are having a sobering effect. The old popular philosophy, the belief in labor and bourgeois 'happiness,' is tottering. The

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general uncertainty is shaking individual self-confidence and causing increased interest and belief in the state. The state must help, and people, especially the impoverished masses, are beginning to see in it the sovereign remedy. The conservative federal Government still hesitates, for it fears to acknowledge that America is no longer what it used to be—the land of 'unlimited opportunities for all.' In its popular economy, too, America has entered a phase that is characteristic of European capitalism. The gulf between production and consumption is steadily growing wider. The masses are beginning to lose their buying power—the prerequisite for further development of economic life.

Moreover, it seems that America is no longer the land of heart's desire for all who are weary of historic old Europe, for Americans are streaming back to the Old World. Last year for the first time emigration from America to Europe was greater by ten thousand than immigration. Even the European adoration of the state is taking root. The cult of the state is being introduced in American schools and pushed forward with vigor. The new American 'love of the Fatherland' *à la européenne* is being fostered both privately and publicly. American public opinion is nationalistically inclined. Slowly but surely America is following in the footsteps of Europe.

Inflation Is Here

THE New York correspondent of the London *Statist* describes as pure inflation the financial process now under way in the United States. The fact that his dispatch is written for one of the most cautious and conservative financial journals in the world adds to the significance of what he has to say:—

The inflation is under way. While the fuel to keep the process going rapidly came too late to affect the unemployment situation in July, it seems quite likely that from July on there will be no further additions to the net total of unemployed—that is, of the really employable unemployed. With this month, the net total (that is excluding the unemployables and the six or eight hundred thousand boys and girls released from schools in June and seekers after work therefrom) has probably crossed the formidable number of twelve million. If the inflation develops rapidly enough, we shall perhaps see the beginning of a reabsorption in late September or early October. The acceleration of the diffusion of credit by the Federal Government—through loans to the states, through direct spending, through greater activity on the part of the Federal Reserve System for the purpose of encouraging industry—will doubtless have a pronounced effect; and numerous developments in the commodity, and then the security, markets will follow.

From now on, nobody is going to worry much whether the budget of the Federal Government balances or not. Obviously it cannot come near balancing, if our total disbursements in the twelve months ending June 30, 1933,—taking into account those, not only of the Treasury, but also of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and other separate entities created by Congress,—exceed $6,000,000,000, while, as is likely, revenue from all sources falls well below $4,000,000,000. To be sure, much of what the R. F. C. pays out now may, and doubtless will, be repaid; but in some future fiscal year. Looking below fictitious formalities, one may as well anticipate an average daily excess of expenditure, on all government accounts, over nonborrowed revenue of perhaps four million dollars. This will be apparent enough when the Seventy-Second Congress meets again on December 5, for the short session with which the life of this Congress will terminate on March 4; and it will have become apparent enough in the late fall to reconcile the public—that

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is the thinking public—to the abandonment of the principle of rigid adhesion to the policy of strict convertibility of currency into gold.

We shall be contemplating many more radical measures by the late autumn than we have even imagined up to this time, in order to relieve destitution and stave off the liquidation of obligations. We shall, for example, be experimenting with differentiation of 'values,' for purposes of security appraisal by public authority. The insurance companies, for example, will be in an exceedingly bad way if the various insurance departments of the states do not adopt the most lenient policy possible in the framing of valuation schedules for securities held. There has consequently been considerable discussion of some policy of fixing valuation on the basis of 'intrinsic value,' instead of cost, or replacement, or exchange values. Intrinsic value in this connection raises the whole problem of discount of future earning power in terms of some solid type of measurement, but unfortunately no such agency is in existence at this time.

Laski on Dreiser

REVIEWING Theodore Dreiser's *Tragic America* in the *Manchester Guardian*, Harold J. Laski, who has long known America at first hand, finds it indispensable to clear understanding of the country at the present time:—

Mr. Dreiser's book deserves the closest attention from the student of social theory and social conditions. With the vigor of a great imaginative artist he has depicted the social costs involved in the greatest experiment in individualism the world has ever known. The meaning of a life dominated by big business, the way in which the 'invisible government' of economic power pervades political institutions, the helplessness of the individual citizen before forces that render him without meaning—all these are set out with an eloquent and impressive passion. He writes a devastating indictment of the churches in America, and argues that their search for power has reduced them to parasites upon the existing economic system. He describes American charities as a 'racket' largely conducted for the benefit of professional organizers. He draws a terrible picture of American crime and its relation to economic conditions. With great satiric power he contrasts the American passion for electing officials with the impotence of the voter when the official is elected—the ease with which the latter is corrupted by the existing system. He concludes that nothing short of a reconstruction of American economic life, a reconstruction, moreover, aiming at deliberate economic equality, can ward off from America the decay of which other empires have been victims.

The indictment is a remarkable one, always informed, and buttressed with illustrative material of which it is impossible to deny the significance. Mr. Dreiser may emphasize his indictment without excessive regard to proportion. He may be more effective when he denounces than when he seeks to point the way to reconstruction. But no one can read his book without the sense that it represents the noble indignation of a noble mind. It should be read by all who wish to understand contemporary America.

For a Russo-Chinese-American Alliance

THE advantages of a triple alliance between Russia, China, and the United States have been extolled by C. Y. W. Meng in the liberal American-owned *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai. Quoting Representative Henry T. Rainey, floor leader of the House, who said that 'America needs at least one friend' and should therefore rec-

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ognize Russia, Mr. Meng goes further and argues that America needs at least two allies:—

As the Japanese militarists will never give up Manchuria, they must employ a new diplomacy to attain their aim. Their present policy is to isolate the United States and the Soviets in order to keep them from joining hands with any big Power interested in Far Eastern affairs, thus disabling them from playing any part in the Far Eastern game and enabling the Japanese to deal with the Chinese alone. In that case, Japan would have an easy time and would have a fair chance of success. Japan would never quit the League of Nations so long as it could induce Great Britain and France to side with it, in which case the League could not do any harm to Japan. Japan would join in singing the chorus of 'upholding the sanctity of the League Covenant and the Anti-War Pact, etc.,' but would go on to annex the whole of Manchuria! If Japan should succeed in her policy of isolating these two big powers bordering on the Pacific and preventing them from taking any part in Far Eastern affairs, it could march troops straight into Manchuria and annex it, first by establishing a puppet government under Japanese control and management (already done); secondly, by entering into treaty relations with the newly created state (already done); and, thirdly, by declaring a Japanese protectorate over the new state. Actual annexation would come last. By that time, there would be no possibility of the United States' saying anything about the sanctity of the Nine-Power Treaty or the Anti-War Pact or of the Soviets' having any claim to the Chinese Eastern Railway or any hand in Manchuria. Viscount Ishii, the author of the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, has already made it clear that 'interference in Asiatic affairs by the American Government would be the cause of war with Japan,' meaning by this that Japan will not allow America to interfere any more!

Russia's recent *rapprochement* with Japan makes the realization of this scheme doubtful in the extreme.

S. P. C. C.'s Please Note

THE attempted flight of the Hutchinson family to Europe and their forced landing off Greenland brought forth the following paragraph in the conservative *Saturday Review* of London:—

Is there an American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children? If so we presume that they will take action at once against the individual who took two daughters of six and eight on a stunt flight in an aëroplane and only failed to kill them by the shadow of a chance. What effect a forced landing in Greenland may have on the future life of the unhappy girls we leave to the psychologist, to say nothing of the even more disastrous beating of drums and cymbals with which this imbecile exploit has been greeted in certain quarters. If there is no American society of the kind it would be reasonable to open an inquiry into the sanity of the person concerned. At any rate, we hope that before he is shut up for the safety of himself and his family he will be compelled to pay to the utmost halfpenny the risk and trouble that he caused to the fishermen who rescued him.

There is no American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, but there are many local S. P. C. C. groups. Possibly some of them may be able to take legal action as the *Saturday Review* suggests.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

MANUEL ANTONIO VALLE'S extreme anti-American bias shows how bitterly many Latin Americans feel about their rich and patronizing neighbors to the north. His article also serves as an unpleasant reminder that American marines are still stationed in Nicaragua, where they seem to be no more successful in subduing bandits than the Japanese are in Manchuria.

ORTHODOX Communists will not approve of the way Gustav Mayer treats Arthur Rosenberg's newly published history of Bolshevism. Rosenberg is a Trotskiite who was ejected from an important position in the Communist International five years ago. He accuses Stalin of abandoning the idea of world revolution and working for socialism in one country. Trotski has always preached 'permanent revolution' and does not believe that a complete revolution can ever be localized. The real issue, however, is one of tactics, not strategy, for there is certainly good reason to believe that a successful Soviet Russia will be a powerful revolutionary example to other lands. The value of Rosenberg's book resides, therefore, in its historical rather than its ideological content.

THE NAME 'Mohammed Asad' conceals, we strongly suspect, Leopold Weiss, whose descriptions of Arabian travel have always been one of our greatest delights. In any case, this essay on the voices of the Arabs and their religion is one of the most beautiful pieces of prose that we have published in a long time.

ENGLAND has always been interested in spiritualism and the English Society for Psychical Research has just been celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. Speaking over the radio, Gerald Heard tells some of the discoveries that have been made and dwells on the case of Rudi Schneider, an Austrian medium who has been photographed in the act of producing 'ectoplasm.' Mental telepathy is now an accepted fact and Mr. Heard believes that we are on the eve of more discoveries.

HENRI PEYRE'S essay on the work of Paul Claudel in our 'Persons and Personages' department calls attention to the fact that the French ambassador to Washington is one of the most distinguished men of letters in the world. His twenty-seven books of criticism, drama, and poetry have earned him his reputation as the outstanding French representative of the Roman Catholic tradition in literature, and his combination of romantic fervor and classic style are recommended by M. Peyre as a model to the younger generation.

A SHORTER ESSAY in the same department on the German philosopher, Vaihinger, calls attention to a man who is better known in his own country than abroad. Vaihinger first attracted attention as a Kantian scholar, but after his failing eyesight forced him to abandon teaching he devoted himself to developing his 'as if' philosophy. His idea is that we accept all our intellectual concepts 'as if' they were true, because that is the only way we can arrive at practical conclusions.

KEYSERLING'S *South American Meditations*, which is ecstatically praised in our 'Books Abroad' department, has just been published in this country in translation by Harper and Brothers. Joseph Roth's *Radetzky-Marsch* will certainly appear here soon, for his previous novel, *Job*, was a Book of the Month choice a year ago. Curzio Malaparte, author of *Le Bonhomme Lénine*, is known in America by reason of his earlier book, *The Coup d'État*, reviewed in THE LIVING AGE last spring, and *La Balance Faussée* by Edmond Jaloux is the work of one of the most important contemporary French critics.

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WAR AND PEACE

THERE is a fairy tale spread all over the world that the munitions industry desires and works for a general increase in armaments. —*Gustav Krupp von Bohlen, German munitions' manufacturer.*

Europe is preparing for another great war. It is useless to say that the peoples of the world would not endure another conflict. . . . The inherent wickedness of man, the restless ambitions of vigorous nations, the memories of quarrels and injustices which history has bequeathed to us—give the cause what name you like, there is in human nature an ungovernable urge to war. When the war comes we are likely to be involved in it. . . . Our position will then be one of deadly peril.—*Lord Beaverbrook.*

We do not believe in the possibility of war in the immediate future, but the policy the Reich is now following leads inevitably to war. —*'Journal des Débats,' organ of French heavy industries.*

I am afraid that the spirit of peace in Europe is not controlled as we should like. It is a serious question, requiring great thought and meditation. We never speak of peace in France except with enthusiasm. We suffered too much from the War. The love of peace is just as great in France as it is here. The American and the French views are the same on this question. —*Paul Reynaud, former French Finance Minister.*

I do not hesitate to express my own personal view, which is that if America and Great Britain were to coöperate they would be the most powerful factors in the world's history for world peace and, I really believe, for a restoration of world prosperity.—*Lord Reading, former British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.*

We are the leading Asiatic power and we should now take matters into our own hands. We must be active, even expending the last portion of our national strength. We must be prepared to wage a desperate struggle. The whites have made the countries of Asia mere objects of oppression, and Imperial Japan should no longer let their impudence go unpunished. The principle of our Empire is the embodiment of justice and righteousness, and it is, therefore, expected of every Japanese that he be ready, both spiritually and materially, to take his part in establishing our imperial principle even through resort to arms. If we are actually determined, we can secure our aims without drawing the sword from its scabbard. —*General Sadao Araki, Japanese War Minister.*

The increasing heat and struggle over the [Lytton] Report shows that imperialist contradictions cannot be settled by a compromise and that the time is approaching when the knot will be cut by war.—*'Pravda,' Moscow Communist daily.*

As for Manchukuo, Japan is confronted with an unprecedented opposition of world opinion. Nevertheless, we are determined to follow the course already fixed in the face of all opposition. The Government is doing its utmost through our diplomats abroad to improve world feeling toward Japan, but thus far we can admit no optimism.—*Count Yasuya Uchida, Japanese Foreign Minister.*

The clouds are dark and our efforts, which have been unceasingly made by government after government to bring together European peoples, at the moment seem frustrated. There is a drifting apart in quarters where we have done all we could to bring friendship and understanding. We have come to the parting of the ways in Europe.—*Stanley Baldwin.*

All Europeans of sound sense are aware of the forces driving the nations of Western and Central Europe into another armed conflict.—*Lord Gascoyne-Cecil, Bishop of Exeter, England.*

We promote peace pacts, we urge disarmament, we would have universal peace, but we exclude from our consideration and from all our plans, estrange from our circle, and exclude from our glorious scheme for a better world one-sixth of the earth's surface and 160,000,000 people.—*Senator Borah.*

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